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The Gift of
James R. Lowell,
Smith Professor in
Harvard University,
20 Feb., 1867.

1932-27

THE

MOUNTAIN MINSTREL;

OR,

CLÀRSACH NAM BEANN:

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL POEMS AND SONGS,

IN

English and Gaelic.

BY

EVAN McCOLL,

LOCHFINESIDE.

GLASGOW:
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THE

MOUNTAIN MINSTREL;

OR,

ENGLISH POEMS AND SONGS.

TO

ANGUS FLETCHER OF DUNANS, ESQ.,

ADVOCATE.

Sir,

The time for writing, "fleechin, fleth'rin" dedications is now, happily, over, and we form an estimate of men's characters rather by a survey of their actions, than by any thing that may be told us in the inflated language of a servile dedicator.

In inscribing the following pieces to you, there is no necessity for justifying my choice, by the attributing of fictitious merit to one, the knowledge of whose *real* worth extends much farther than the "Minstrel's" voice may ever hope to penetrate. As the stern, unflinching advocate of public liberty—as the kind, considerate, lenient Landlord—as the early, the enthusiastic supporter of the language and manners of the Gael, I owe you a debt of admiration and gratitude, but this is only in common with my country. It is the generous sympathy expressed, ay, and the interest actively taken, by you in the young, unknown would-be-bard's prospects, from the moment that he first tremblingly consented to try his fate "in print," that now more especially claim his gratitude: this is the only return he can make, and which he is proud to have the present opportunity of manifesting.

I am conscious that the English productions of a Highland peasant must offer but very slight attractions to the man of cultivated taste, familiar with the splendid imaginings of the more favoured sons of genius. But I have seen that the bee does not always love to feast upon the rose—he is sometimes seen extracting sweets from the lowly daisy; and I know that the ear accustomed to drink of the sounds of gravity, has not unfrequently been known to listen with complaisance to the prattling of a child. This, then, awakens a hope that the rustic wreath of mountain flowers which a child *in*—alas! I dare not say *of*—Poesy has gathered, may not appear to you altogether as "worthless weeds and vile" among the myriad Eden-like flowers that bloom in the bosom of your own Edina.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your highly obliged,
And very humble servant,
THE AUTHOR.

Kenmore, Lochfinneside, }
May, 1836. }

THE

MOUNTAIN MINSTREL.

EVENING ADDRESS TO LOCHLOMOND.

21st August, 1832.

Queen of waters! Queen of wonders!
In a tide of transport lost,
Raptured gaze I on thy grandeurs
Here, upon thy fairy coast.

Proud reflector of the Highlands,
Cold's the heart that feels no glow,
Viewing thee with all thy islands,
Heaven above, and heaven below.

Sunbeams sleeping on thy margin,
Zephyrs dying on thy breast,
Seem'st thou like fair blushing virgin
Smiling in her slumbers blest.

Mountains round in grand confusion,
Propping up the high concave,
While below, the sweet illusion
Overturns them in the wave.

Verdant woods of giant stature,
Countless flocks thy banks adorn,
Scenes of innocence and nature,
Was it thus Creation's morn?

See! above, the eagle soaring,
Quick through ether now he dives;
Stop, rash bird! the prey alluring
Was thyself—he seeks the skies.

Do I see thee, giant mountain!
Yes, but who of *thee* can sing?
Native bard, by native fountain,
Only thou dar'st touch that string.

By yon beach, where oft the billow
Sings its lullaby and dies,
Sports the angler, ruthless fellow!
With his silver-scaled prize.

From yon sylvan isle returning,
Glides the swan in beauty's pride,
Bright as sunbeam of the morning,
Fairer far than eastern bride.

Nature now is hush'd to silence,
Save in yonder rocky glen

Where the son of licensed violence
Murder seeks, nor seeks in vain.

Hark! I hear the youthful shepherd
Whistling on the heathy hill,
While the milkmaid tripping upward
Meets him half-way in the dell.

See the smiling tenant yonder,
Like his shade his hopes expand,
As he views the waving wonder,—
Fields of gold at his command.

Now thy breast, fond lake, is beamless,
Gently on thee falls the dew;
Though thy sleep be deep and dreamless,
Still a smile sits on thy brow.

Gone is now the beam which crimson'd
Yonder sky-sustaining pile,
And like captive newly ransom'd,
See how Vesper now doth smile!

'Tis the hallowed hour of gloaming,
Elves already hover nigh;
Lo! where moonbeams kiss the Lomond,
How the fairy oar they ply.

From his lair the fox is stealing,
Night birds sing day's doleful knell;
Wood and flood, and fold and shieling,
Cairn and corrie now farewell.

ON THE

DEATH OF A BELOVED PARENT.

O MOTHER! dearest name beneath yon heaven;
  Thou nearest, surest of all earthly ties;
Of all the flowers that deck life's path uneven
  The fairest spring from thy fond sympathies.
Too late I knew thy worth, too late my sighs
  Confess there's not in nature aught like thee,
By wanting thee alone we learn to prize
  How dear thou art,—Bless'd be thy memory,
Thou first, thou dearest friend of frail mortality.

When toss'd with sickness on the bed of pain,
  O who like thee can make the fiend relent?
O who like thee our waywardness sustain?
  Or share our sorrows? Man, weak, fragile plant,
In life's bleak morning—helpless, pale, and faint,
  Owes all unto thy anxious tender care;
Thy ready hand supplying every want,
  Thy soothing accents chasing every fear,
Even when 'tis most confess'd in thine own swelling tear.

Important task! but pleasanter by far,
  'Tis thine to smooth Instruction's rugged way;
To feed the lamp of Knowledge, and to scare
  The clouds that dim young Reason's bright'ning ray;

'Tis thine to show Vice smiles but to betray,
To make us love fair Virtue, and pursue
The road that leads to everlasting day,
To make us wise, and good, and happy too,
Thine own example still unto thy precepts true.

O mother, hallow'd name! thy mem'ry too
Be ever hallow'd in my grateful breast;
When Fortune's faithless or when friends are few,
Deceived by many—hopes and wishes cross'd,
Then let thy spirit soothe my soul to rest,
And tell me, when this mortal strife is o'er,
For ever blessing and for ever blest
We yet shall meet upon that happy shore,
Where friends shall never part—this, this is heaven, sure.

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

O WHO for city belle would sigh?
A giddy glitt'ring butterfly;—
Though ever gaudy be her dress,
Though ever smiling be her face,
'Tis not the smile of nature's joy;
Her borrow'd graces only cloy,
And quick would fall into the shade
Beside my artless mountain maid.

Sweet mountain maid! ye Powers above,
The sound celestial how I love!
It tells of beauty's brightest glow,
Of angel purity below;
Of sweetness—truth that's never stain'd,
Simplicity that's never feign'd;
Enchanting sound! where'er I be,
It tells, my Anna, still of thee.

The voice that savage soul might charm,
The heart for ever kind and warm,
The honey lip, the laughing eye,
The cheek, of the red heathbell dye;
The raven locks that graceful flow
On brow and neck of sunny glow,
Like streamlets wand'ring dark through snow,
The love undying, pure, divine,
All,—all, sweet mountain maid, are thine.

FEMALE METAMORPHOSIS.

Since moralizing's out of fashion,
And scandal's now the "ruling passion,"
We shall for once commence informer,
And sing you of a certain charmer.

And first we would be glad to state here,
How lords and lairds were "wooing at her,"
In youthful prime, when every charm
Of hers a monarch's heart might warm;
How many Colins she had slain,
How many Strephons sigh'd in vain,
How many sonnets in her praise
Were penn'd by bards of other days:
But lest ye'd think our tale too long,
We'll leave her 'dancing days' unsung.

Behold—her gay meridian past,
Her charms deceitful fading fast,
Her fond admirers getting rare,
Her hope fast fading to despair—
Behold her cursing pride and painting,
And wisely fall in love with *sainting*,
As many of her sisters do
When we, poor sinners, cease to sue.
No more she's seen where virgins meet,
No more she shuns the noontide heat;

Her waist is now not half so small,
She never speaks of rout or ball;
Morality's her fav'rite theme,
And chastity her darling dream;
In her opinion joy and mirth
Should quite be banish'd from the earth,
Nay, she will undertake to prove
The world were better wanting love;
That beauty is but pure vexation,
And fashion mortal's chief damnation;
That courting is a thing uncivil,
That kissing is the very devil,
And never ought to be allowed
By wedded dame or virgin woo'd.
Tell her why tuneful Sappho bled,
What Milton says *dad* Adam did,
She'd call the one a dirty b—
And curse the other's “'mediate touch.”
If you but mention cooling shades,
Or trysting trees or m—d—n h—ds,
Her virgin purity you wound,
She faints to hear the very sound.
Recovered, how she makes her plaint
That lads and lasses are so bent
On what Saint Paul would never do,
On what so many thousands rue;
Yet some suspect her own deep sigh
Is heaved because her fears are high
That dalliance ne'er will be her lot,
That Hymen has her quite forgot.

Behold her now admiring Nature,
Enraptured with her every feature,

And marvelling men ever should
Be more thought of than blocks of wood.
" Herself, were it but for their beard
Would hate the monsters, 'pon her word!"
And now in deeds of virtue strong
She'll pass for *saintess*, right or wrong.
So full of charity she's grown,
Each cast-off mantle, shoe, and gown
Are duly sent to clothe the poor,
Pale hunger laughing quits her door,
And then she visits all the sick,—
Was ever lady half so meek?
Condemns Sir Walter, quotes good Boston,
Was ever lady half so christian?
O how it fills her with surprise
That any body should tell lies;
That laughing is not thought unholy,
That dancing's not condemned wholly;
That eating is allow'd on Sunday,
And sleeping not delay'd till Monday.

Exalted mind! ashamed be all
Who would *this* affectation call,
Yet there are those who do maintain
'Tis that, or something worse—they've seen,
Herself, poor body, often march
With eyes half closed to the church,
And sleep, secure as any snail
Or turtle dozing in its shell,
At preaching, spite of her soul's welfare,
Or aught that might be said of hellfire:

But flippant fame and sly report
Say oft too many things in sport.

Is't possible! Mysterious fate!
Behold her now in married state,
A certain swain her pence did covet,
And soon she was his 'dear beloved.'

O Hymen, dread, transforming god,
What changes follow at thy nod,
How oft is Mary, lovely blossom!
Transform'd by thee to "dirty besom,"
And Anna, active, trim, and neat,
Changed all at once to "lazy skate,"
And Margaret, the *saintess*—goddess,
Known only as the "*female* Judas!"

But turn we to our heroine:—
With less of "spirit" than of spleen
She roams about, as proud as ever,
And rails at each unhappy lover;
Forgets her charities and creeds,
For sick or naked never heeds;
Laughs, sleeps, and eats, and drinks, and plays
On Sundays just like other days,
And doff'd of all her borrow'd plumage,
Resumes again her native image.
So courtiers are said to do
When pension'd they retire from view,
So butterflies, for aught we learn,
To dirty grubs again return.

ON THE

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIA COLONIES.

Rejoice, ye fair daughters of Britain's famed isles,
Let Humanity's face wear its happiest smiles;
Hold Truth, Mercy, Justice, one bright jubilee,
The wrong'd sons of bondage are now at length free.

I heard a glad murmur, o'er ocean it came,
'Twas the prayer of gratitude—freedom's acclaim,
As the fiend of oppression received his death-wound,
As the Dagon of slavery fell to the ground.

Oh Afric! no more as the wolf doth his prey
Shall her offspring be torn from the mother away;
No more, as the vulture doth pounce on the dove,
Shall the virgin be seized in the arms of her love—

By the Christians—ah no! by hyenas disguised,
Despoilers of mankind, by hell only prized;
By hell only pitied, so now let them moan,
Their gain was unhallow'd, their hearts were of stone.

Ye stars, if 'tis true that ye sing on your way,
Be the chorus for once, Since "each dog has his day,"
Let the spoiler be spoiled, let the merciless mourn,
Let the driver be driven, for now 'tis his turn.

Shout! shout! ye grey rocks, wake your deep echoes all,
Bear, ye winds, the glad tidings to nations in thrall;
Join, earth, ocean, heaven in one happy glee,
And be the sweet song, "Now the bondman is free!"

THE ORPHAN'S SONG.

What should the Christian orphan do
But trust the orphan's God,
And stedfastly the path pursue,
That leads to his abode.

When pride and wealth regardless pass,
The orphan, hungry, cold,
Why should he not be sad? because
In heaven there is no gold.

Why may he unlike others smile,
To hear we all must die?
Death is to him the end of toil,
A passport to the sky.

What may he hope to meet with *there?*
With friends there long since gone,
Then, orphan, why shouldst thou despair?
Thou'lt not be *always* lone.

SCHOOL BOY LOVE.

My father told me t'other day
If love—as he had reasons many
To think—made me so slack at Gray,
I never could be worth a penny.

Last evening, when to try my skill,
He bade me 'gin to parsing Lennie;
Said I:—Dear *daddy*, with your will,
I'd rather 'gin to *praising* Annie.

When Phœbus, setting, tinged with gold
The clouds:—"Saw you e'er aught so bonnie?"
O yes, my father, yes, I told,
I saw the golden locks of Annie.

At night he mark'd the starry sky:—
"How bright they shine!"—I answer'd *canny*,
I seldom look'd so very high,
While brighter shone the eyes of Annie.

When seeing nothing else had charms:—
"I'll send thee to the army, ninny,"—
Dear dad, I like to be in arms,
But then they are the *arms* of Annie.

Resolved to punish me at last:—
"Since you can be so very funny,
Pray try," said he, "how you can fast—
No doubt, you'll live by kissing Annie."

Thank you, father, noble diet!
Said I, hasting to my *honey*,
Life, I told, hung on her fiat,
Kissing me, "then live," said Annie.

HOME.

O WHY am I sad when I leave my own cot?
Why the sweet daisied green not in absence forgot?
Fair dells where first bashful the love-song I wove,
Why seem ye still fairer the farther I rove?
Why are friendship's fond accents, unheeded before,
Now thought on with rapture a thousand times o'er?
'Midst nature's far grandeurs half mournful why roam?
O indeed 'tis because that my heart is at home.

Though courteous the stranger, the city though fine,
Though beauty and wit both to charm me combine,
Though rich be the banquet and high be the cheer,
Why still am I joyless?—my home is not here:
Then let me again seek the cot on the moor,
And learn from my wand'rings to prize it the more;
From an Eden afar I with transports would come
To the glen of my birth—to my sweet Highland home.

TO IONA.

Written on visiting that island, September, 1832.

Oh! sacred to the good and brave,
Thrice hallowed island of the wave;
Iona! at the very sound,
A thousand visions float around
My raptured fancy,—ages gone
Return in all their glory on
My wond'ring sight—I seem to live
  A fragment of the past,
A thing forgotten by the grave,
  Here to behold at last
The proud memorials of her reign,
And learn to feel that might in vain
A triumph o'er the tomb would find,
Unless it be the might of mind.

  Here, while I gaze, renowned isle,
On mossy tomb and ruined pile
Where saints and heroes live in stone,
Where prince and peasant lie as one,
Where heavenly truth, like Noah's dove,
The leaf of everlasting love
To lands in floods of darkness toss'd
Revealed,—nor was the labour lost;
Here feels my soul a holy glow,
I dream of blissfulness below;

Here feels my soul the patriot's flame,
I too could wish to have my fame;
Here, spite of time's reforming skill,
Could wish the past were present still,
And thou, green island of the sea,
A heaven as thou wert wont to be!

O, could my muse—unskill'd to sing
Of mitred priest or sceptred king—
O, could she dare to wing her flight
To scenes in glory's roll once bright;
Or could yon awful spot declare
How much of valour, virtue there
In dark oblivion's shroud do lie,
Though worthy immortality;
My verse of nobler deeds would tell
Than ever graced crusading zeal;
Of deeds more glorious, generous, sage,
Than ever swell'd Homeric page;
Of deeds by Scotia's sons achieved,
By Scotia's sons now scarce believed;
Of deeds whose fame, in song sublime,
Should flourish in the age of Time.

Farewell, bless'd isle! some nobler bard,—
For thou art worthy his regard—
May yet do justice to a theme
Of which my muse may only dream;
May sing of shades* whose gloomy worth
Once awed and govern'd half the earth;

---

* In Iona, the Druids of old had a college.

Do justice to a nobler band
Who pagan soil made christian land;
Snatch virtue half-way from the tomb,
Leave beauty not in vain to bloom;*
Nor to thy sons, O Freedom! too,
Like me unworthy bid adieu.

Farewell;—in ocean's azure breast
Now Phœbus sinks to peaceful rest;
Too soon the shades of envious night
Shall hide thee from my straining sight;
Yet, hallow'd isle, in Memory's eye
Thou'lt live till Memory's self must die,
A star to cheer her darkest night—
A dream of beauty gone,
A sacred scene of sad delight,
Still, still to muse upon
Till fancy, feeling, all shall fail.—
Once more, enchanting isle! farewell.

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* The beauty of the women of Iona has been proverbially celebrated from time immemorial; hence the Gaelic phrase:—

"I nam băn boidheach."

ANNA'S EYES.

My Anna's form, my Anna's face,
Fain would my trembling pencil trace;
But fancy will not compromise,—
She bids me sing of Anna's eyes.

Theirs is the lustre of the sloe,
The softness of the pearly dew;
The stars that laugh when daylight dies
Seem not so bright as Anna's eyes.

'Tis sweet, when wak'ning from her dreams,
To view young Morning's laughing beams;
Far sweeter beams my soul doth prize,
The beams of love in Anna's eyes.

All ye whose hearts are made of steel,
Who lack the luxury—to feel,
O look! a mine of rapture lies—
A heaven in my Anna's eyes.

Yes, yes, they are Love's hallow'd shrine,
Their radiance is indeed divine;
Be thine, my heart, to sacrifice
For ever to fair Anna's eyes.

The patriot will forget the soil
That nursed him—bards the muses' smile;
Saints will forget the very skies
Ere I forget my Anna's eyes.

EVAN AND PEGGY.

A PASTORAL.

HAVE ye seen the sweet maid whom I love?
Though she seems quite an angel to view,
O no, she is not from above,
She is only the fairest below.

The fairest in form and in face,
The fairest in manner and mind;
The fairest in every grace
That to beauty on earth can be join'd.

My love is a tyrant—her charms
Make captives wherever she goes;
But the slave found against her in arms
May his life but in slavery close.

She fetters the soul with her voice,
She fetters the heart with her eyes;
Her chains are the chains of our choice,
We are bound, yet we bless the fond ties.

Not the rose of the wild can compare
With the blushes that play on her cheek,
And the lily would die in despair
Had it seen the bright glow of her neck.

Oh! to see her, my beautiful one!
The ringlets of gold on her brow

Seem like clouds that encircle the sun
  When it sets on a mountain of snow.

When she moves 'mid the nymphs on the green,
  Like a fay to the music of mirth,
I could fancy a child of the sun
  Came to see the glad daughters of earth.

For O like a vision of light
  She glideth amid the bright throng;
Age kindles with joy at the sight,
  Love swells in the breasts of the young.

Doth she smile?—heaven opes on our view;
  Doth she speak?—music floats on the ear;
Doth she sigh?—it is melody too;
  Doth she weep?—I could drink each fond tear,

For they flow at the tale of distress:—
  The woes of mankind are her own,—
What, O what then his woes can express
  To whom only her heart is a stone!

So Evan sung down by the burn,
  Unseen Peggy heard all the while;
Then sung the sweet maid in her turn,
  As she rush'd to his arms with a smile.

"I come, dearest Evan! I come,
  For ever to drown thy despair;
And while in thy bosom there's room
  May thy Peggy that room ever share."

TO A YOUNG POET.

While you, my friend, attune the lyre,
  And I admire the strain,
Don't marvel that the world conspire
  To call us foolish, vain.

Say, will the falcon spare the lark,
  Because he chants on high?—
No—envy's always sure to mark
  Those nearest to the sky.

The world a savage monster is,
  Nor love nor pity knows,
And they who are not of his *phiz*
  He murders as his foes.

Nor think, my friend, the smile of kings
  Of genius is the test;
Full oft the fairest floweret springs
  Where sunbeams never rest.

A fig then for dame Fortune's spite,
  Or sneer of malice mean;
'Tis always in the coldest night
  That stars are brightest seen.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

On the Death of Miss *** ******

My heart! what sun can pierce thy cloud of grief?
What strains to-day can bring thy woes relief?—
The pipe's glad notes, the harp's sweet-thrilling sound
In vain would cheer when cureless is the wound.

When the pure stream, whose every wave was joy,
Hath left its channel now for ever dry;
When Truth's green branch bare withers in the blast,
And Hope is drown'd for ever in this breast;

When Beauty's star hath shed her latest ray,
When Friendship's sun no more may gild the day;
When my torn heart—once sorrow's deepest foe,
Lies in the dust and beats alone to wo;

When Death, the spoiler, is my love's bridegroom,
When Love, and Joy, and Jessie's in the tomb,
What iron breast a heart unwounded wears?
What frozen eye would not shed floods of tears?

Relentless death! to prove how great a foe
Thou art to all we meet of heaven below,
Say, was there nought thy cruelty to prove
Except thou strik'st my unresisting dove?

Yet, hadst thou known how fair, how good was she,
How, when she died, death were a boon to me,—

Insatiate monster! cruel as thou art,
Thyself wouldst weep, and curse thy fatal dart.

'Tis Spring again,—but what to me is Spring?
No lark of mine now carols on the wing;
My tree was green, yet soon the storms did blow,—
It fell—the flower which bloom'd for me lies low.

The swan may now in pride of beauty float,
The rose exult, the mavis swell her note;
Laugh, sun of morning, laugh away thy gloom,
My fairer sun, my Jessie's in the tomb!

Where are ye now, ye slaves of malice, where?
To make her cold to me was once your care;
That care was vain while Jessie's heart could beat,
To-day, alas! your triumph is complete.

In darkest night there is some star to cheer;
The sun though clouded will again appear;
In Flora's lap stern Winter yields his breath,
Although *my* grief must vanish but in death.

Alas for Life! its frail unequal thread
Is like the gossamer in sunshine spread,
The feeble wreck of the first passing blast,
And yieldeth first where it should longest last.

Say on what tree the lightning loves to prove
Its with'ring strength—the fairest in the grove;
What is too oft the hawk's defenceless prey?
The sweetest songster in the leafy spray.

Like rainbow born to glitter, weep, and die,
So Genius early seeks her native sky;
O'er Friendship's breast the green grass soon doth wave,
And loves the yew to float o'er Beauty's early grave.

Land of Forgetfulness! O grave, be so
To such as never gave thee friend or foe;
But while my Jessie homage yields to thee,
Remembrance sure must be thy name with me.

O why so soon in death's eternal sleep
Closed Jessie's eyes?—was it that mine should weep?
Our hearts were flowers that only side by side
Could flourish—Fate! O wherefore them divide?

Shade of my love! if it indeed be true
That forms celestial mortals here may view,
Be often present to thy lover's eyes,
And cheer his heart with tidings of the skies.

And say, O gentle spirit of my dear!
When on her grave too rapid flows my tear,
O say, fond youth, why should thy sorrows swell?
It is not here that Jessie *all* doth dwell.

O say she lives, for ever fair and bright,
Above yon sun, in climes unknown to night,
And that of forms that chant their Maker's praise
She shines the brightest, sings the sweetest lays.

Nor yet forget, sweet Shade, to tell me though
She lives where streams of pleasure ever flow,

That often yet she loves to think of me,
And were I there, could still more happy be.

Yes, lovely vision! I will follow soon—
If bliss by goodness, goodness not our own,
Might e'er be won—O be the thought forgiven!
For Jessie's sake I'd find a place in heaven.

MARY.

Young Mary aye conceals—what though?
Young Mary loves me well I know;—
I read it in her beaming eye,
'Tis told in her soul-speaking sigh;
I know it when we meet or part,
By the wild throbbings of her heart,
The cheek where thousand blushes float,
The stolen kiss which yet is *not*,
Her sweet attention to my tale,
Her half-reluctant, fond farewell.
I know it when her virgin pride,
Prompts the pretended *darena bide*,
Ev'n then perhaps she closer clings,
And in another "secret" brings,
Or like a very seraph sings

Some love-song of the times of old,
When beauty was not bought with gold,
Then droops into my heaving breast,
Like sky-lark to her secret nest.
I know it when, in company,
Another fair one sits by me,
She feigns to look some other way,
And very awkwardly is gay.
When in her praise my verse doth flow,
The heaving of her breast of snow
Discovers what her lips disclaim,—
Her tears reveal it when I blame—
And when the rustic song is sung,
And when my fame is on each tongue,
"I love thee," says her cherub smile,
Nor can her very frowns beguile.

O why, then, in my Mary's arms,
Inquire if love her bosom warms?
And when she hides her in my breast,
A moment doubt that I am blest?
To doubt it—Oh this sure would be
Like captive from his chains set free,
To doubt the sweets of liberty!—
To doubt it—yes, it would be even
Like saint to doubt of bliss in heaven!

THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN.

'Twas night—the sky
Was dark and lowering,
The wind was high,
The waves were roaring:
'Tis not the fear
Her cot might tumble,
That Ellen there
Doth watch and tremble.

"My love is toss'd
Upon the billow—
O that this breast
Were now his pillow!"
The storm increased,
Her heart beat wildly:—
"Rest, wild waves! rest,
Ye winds, blow mildly!"

Now down her cheek
The tears are stealing;—
A tramp! a knock!
"Dost sleep? my Ellen."—
The feast is spread,
The kiss is given,
The Fisher's shed
Is now a heaven.

STANZAS

On viewing Tobermory Bay.

Thou more than fancied fairy spot—
Sweet Tobermory! art thou not
A little ocean paradise?
The soul that raptureless can stray
Along thy banks in sunny May,
Would sad be in the very skies.

When roars th' Atlantic wild and deep,
Thou seem'st like childhood fast asleep,
Or like the very home of calm;
Or only made for zephyrs' play,
Which o'er thy borders as they stray,
Steal from a thousand flowers their balm.

Thy waters brightly blue and deep,
'Bove which right oft, with gallant leap,
The scaly monarch of the tide—
A silver arrow—cleaves the air,—
The crystal rills that in mine ear
Make music, as to thee they glide,—

Yon sunny isle that seems to float,
Each gallant bark, each little boat
That here on their own shadows lie,
Oh, never would I tire to view!
To scene so sweet, to bid adieu,
'Tis even sweet to heave the sigh!

TO A YOUNG LADY, ON FRIENDSHIP.

Written in the North Highlands.

O FRIENDSHIP! maid of mildest eye,
Of sweetest voice, of softest sigh,
Of warmest heart, of purest mind—
O godlike gift to human kind,
Thy cheerless absence how I mourn!
Enchanting maid! return, return:—
Or let me rather turn to *thee*,
Thou whom my bosom pants to see,
Thou who art Friendship's self to me, Eliza.

O had he felt the hallowed flame,
Who sung that "friendship's but a name,"
Or had he thee, Eliza, known,
He'd sing of friendship's charms alone;
Like me to-day perhaps envy
The birds that make sweet melody—
The flowers that near thee bloom and die;—
Yes, yes! his paradise would be,
Where flourish love and liberty,
And innocence and truth, and thee, Eliza.

As SHIRA's lake, in summer tide,
Reflects the mountains' lofty pride,
The glories of the noontide sky,
The streams, the sylvan woodlands by,
'Twas thus my soul, when thou wert nigh,

Enjoyed ev'ry thing around :—
Though now I tread the classic ground
Of music, mirth, and bravery,
Though nature—art, to gladden me
Conspire, I only think on thee, Eliza.

When morning paints the golden East,
And Phœbus starts from rosy rest ;
When wood and flood with music teem,
Like youthful poet's fairy dream,
And all like fairy land doth seem,
What, when no mutual bosom glows,
No mutual heart my transport knows,
'Tis empty show and pageantry—
My soul delightless sighs for thee, Eliza.

When basking in the noontide beam,
Or wand'ring by the crystal stream,
Or, haply, in the shade reclined
Of birchen bower, by lover twined,
When scarcely stirs the sleepy wind,
Or gazing on the mountain's brow,
Or viewing in the lake below
A mimic world—alas, for me !
I only feel, I only see
That I am lonely, far from thee, Eliza.

At midnight hour, when starlights shine
And revel round their queen divine,
While she majestically moves—
And shows her mountains, glens, and groves ;

When aerial beings hover near,
And aerial music's in mine ear,
I mourn to think such charms should be
All wasted, when thus far from thee, Eliza.

O what is fame's entrancing voice—
O what is mad ambition's choice—
O what is splendour's gilded crest
Compared to Friendship's gentle breast?
Devoid of Friendship, Wealth is poor,
And beauty smiles but to allure:—
The world and all its joys to me
Were nothingness, unshared with thee, Eliza.

STANZAS

On viewing "the Rejoicings," in a Highland Glen, occasioned by the passing of the Reform Bill.

Why pour the Clan Albyn like streams to the vale?
Why wave yon broad banners so gay in the gale?
Why blazes yon summit like Etna afar,
While soul-stirring pibrochs float proudly in air?

'Tis the "gathering" of heroes, but not for the fight;
'Tis the bright, bloodless triumph of mind's magic might;
It is Liberty's welcome once more to her home;
It is Freedom exulting o'er Tyranny's tomb.

The conflict is over, Goliath is hit,—
The Sarums have sunk to the bottomless pit;
The gulf of corruption hath closed at last,
And *tory* and *tyrant* are names that have pass'd.

Rejoice, Caledonia!—Industry once more
Shall smile in the vallies where wept she before;
Oppression no longer must lord over toil—
Let the first in the battle partake of the spoil.

Strike the harp, then, ye bards, give the nations to know,
That "whoe'er would be free must himself strike the blow,"—
That the firm and united their wishes must gain—
That the brave and the bold ne'er sought freedom in vain.

THE "JOY OF GRIEF."

"There is joy in peaceful grief when its violence subsides in tears."—OSSIAN.

WHEN the heart is immersed in a whirlpool of grief,
And our sorrows revealed but in sighs;
When the accents of friendship can give no relief
From the vulture that preys in disguise,
Like oil to the sea, when of tempests the sport,
Is then to our anguish a tear from the heart.

When the pleasures that promised for ever to last,
Like bubbles that float on the stream,
Evanish;—when hope is a thing of the past,
And we find that life sure is a dream,
And we think on its morn, when 'twas heaven below—
How sweet the remembrance if tears softly flow!—

When we see, like some favourite flower of the waste,
The friend of our bosom to fade;
When we bear him away to the home of his rest—
The cold, gloomy halls of the dead;
When we leave him alone in his last dreamless sleep,
'Tis sweet to be mournful, 'tis manly to weep.

And when she who was fair as a form of the sky,
And pure as the angel of Truth—
Whose love was our heaven—alas! can such die?
When she—like some beautiful wreath

Of snow on the hill, or a flower by the blast
Laid low ere the morn of its beauty hath pass'd,—

When *she*—cruel Memory! why torture my breast?
  Decks the triumph of Death and the Grave,
Though we know that she lives in the land of the blest,
  'Tis a luxury still ever to grieve,
And to think even there she responds to our sighs,
And doth love us the more for the tears in our eyes.

TO A BLACKBIRD,

On hearing one sing near the grave of ——.

"'Tis strange the beautiful should die,
While hoary-headed misery
  A century maketh moan;
Yet 'tis the doom of all things gay,—
Weeds live an age, and flowers a day."—D. Moore.

Fond blackbird, fond blackbird, thou needest not fly
  For me to the thicket secure;—
No murdering hunter or sportsman am I,
  I came with thee here to deplore.—

Fond blackbird, fond blackbird, sad, sad is thy song,—
  The cause of thy grief I would learn:
Bright summer is coming, hear how the woods ring,
  And welcome his kingly return.

Fond blackbird, fond blackbird, the lark, soaring high,
Salutes the bright orb of the day;
The cuckoo and thrush sing together for joy,—
Why then art *thou* joyless, O say?

Fond blackbird, thy plaint makes my heart almost bleed;
Dire, dire must indeed be thy doom:
Has the friend of thy bosom proved false? or did fade
Each young hope that once promised to bloom?

Fond blackbird, fond blackbird, say, lov'st thou in vain,
Or is thy fair consort unkind?
Ah, no,—could she listen to that melting strain,
And leave the sweet warbler to pine!

Fond blackbird, fond blackbird, the berry and sloe
Will soon be thy banquet so rare,
The kite and the hawk are far, far out of view,
To wail, then, sweet mourner, forbear.

Fond blackbird, fond blackbird, now, *now* do I mind—
The fowler yestreen sought the brake,
Thy partner's soft plumage he strew'd on the wind!
Nought else could such deep woes awake.

Fond blackbird, fond blackbird, well may'st thou despair,
Yet in me see thy equal in wo:
Though thy breast be as dark as my bosom is fair,
From the same source our deep sorrows flow.

Fond blackbird, fond blackbird, knew'st thou not the maid
  Whose looks were the looks of the dove—
Whose smiles could make even pale misery glad?
  Oh, she was just the Angel of Love!

Fond blackbird, fond blackbird, as glitters the dew,
  Then vanishes, so Beauty dies:
Heaven saw that my love was too bright for below,
  She flew to her own native skies.

O blackbird! if music's a balm to thy pain,
  I will too sing the wild notes of grief;
And if on death's sleep breaketh ever a strain,
  She will hear who could give me relief.

My Jessy will hear on her pillow of clay;
  As with tears here I wet her green sod;
"He's coming! he's coming! my lover," she'll say—
  "Welcome, dearest! to my bridal bed."

DEFINITION OF A POET.

A smiling, weeping, rainbow thing,
A show'ry sunshine of the Spring;
A thing that fain from earth would fly,
Yet scarcely fitted for the sky;
A thing to whom—by beauty given—
A frown is hell, a smile is heaven!
The friend of truth, past contradiction,
And yet the very slave of fiction;
The mortal foe of vanity,
Yet no one half so vain as he;
Th' idolater of virtue's charms,
Yet often seen in vice's arms.—
A thing though seeming rude and wild,
Ev'n meekness might have call'd her child;
A thing of high o'erarching brow,
Yet pallid cheek,—I know not how—
Of threadbare coat, and, what is worse,
An ever, ever empty purse!
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
But scarcely seen when 'tis away;
A flower that blooms oft in the shade
Unheeded until withered;
A strain that sweetly strikes the ear,
But ere we scarcely know from where
It comes—it dies—and we are sad;—

A trembling star at close of even,
That decks the western verge of heaven,
A moment, and is vanished—
Such is the poet—such the meet,
Sad emblems of the poet's fate!

LINES,

Written extempore on the blank leaf of a book, in the house of Mr M'Iver, of Ardmarnock.

The dreamy sage who first alleged
Man had no soul at all,
Had he but good Ardmarnock seen,
His words he'd soon recall,—

And quite agree with more than me—
To swear it I am ready—
That there lives *one* at least, who has
Much more of soul than body.

May death be late to seek his gate,
May care ne'er at his door knock;
And when he dies, O may the skies
Thrice welcome kind ARDMARNOCK.

MY THREE SWEETHEARTS.

Of three sweethearts, let me choose one,—
All are jewels bright and rare;
Jeanie's cheek outvies the rose, and
Bright as gold her clust'ring hair;
Jessie's bosom white as snow is,
And every thought as pure;
But young Peggy's eye of blue is
That would make a saint adore.

When my breast is dark and joyless,
Jeanie's smile, like April's sun,
Joy-diffusing, bright and guileless,
Wakes my heart to mirth again;
Jessie soothes my soul to sadness
When my mirth would folly seem,—
Stars like her would drive to madness,
Did they *always* on us beam!

Peggy! when entranced I view
Thy graceful form, thy swelling breast,
Worlds I'd give one minute to
Be in that heavenly bosom prest:
From those lips, near which the cherry
Seemeth pale, one kiss to gain,
Oh, who would not die right merry!
One kiss more were life again.

Modesty is Jeanie's sister;
  Truth and sense in Jessie meet;
Loveliness could never rest her,
  Till sweet Peggy was complete;—
Each I love—but, the sad truth is,
  Each of them may not be mine:
Throw the dice then—Fate! be with us,
  Jeanie! thou'rt my lot divine.

THE TWO SISTERS;

OR, HYPOCRISY AND AFFECTATION.

A RANDOM SKETCH.

There are some honest folks who would be
What Nature scarcely meant they should be;
Your rhymers rank among this tribe—
For instance there's myself, your scribe;
But since what such so fain would seem,
Is what they really love, esteem,
Poor souls! we bid them quick adieu—
I see Hypocrisy in view,
With cherub front and heart of toad,
The foulest, fairest work of God!
Though claiming to be nature's child,
Nature rejects the bastard wild.

But yet the dame's of high degree,
In courts first sprung her pedigree;
True aristocrat in her breed,
A real tory in her creed,—
Yet known to live in humblest cot;
And changing principles with lot;
Of circumstances quite the scullion,
A specimen of the cameleon!
Some say his Popeship was her father,
Some "w—— of Babylon" her mother;
Some will maintain her *modest* face
Bespeaks a methodistic race,
And that the *Adam* of her tribe
Was mongrel pharisee and scribe.
'Tis true some likeness doth abound,
But yet such reasoning's unsound;
The creature was before the flood—
In proof behold her countless brood,
And all so marvellously good!
Alas for them, we sometimes see
That creeds and deeds don't always 'gree,
We see—it oft may be too late—
But then we see to curse and hate:
And why?—because we know they are
So far from being what they dare
To seem, as earth is from the sky,
As tiger's growl from harmony!

But tell, my muse, the reason why
This damsel of the downcast eye
And angel face—for such hath she,
All serpent-hearted though she be—

O tell why she's so much respected,
When plain sincerity's neglected?
'Tis just that she can change at ease us
Into whatever shape may please us—
Make black appear as white as snow,
Conceal in friendship's guise the foe,
Make guilt seem innocence below;—
'Tis 'cause, when mantled in her shroud,
We can seem gracious, grave, or good,
Or any thing that serves our turn,—
Though what at heart we most do spurn.—
So snakes, at times, are said to sing,
To lure the flutterer on the wing;
So anglers shift th' illusive fly
To tempt the scaly brood to die.—

Wouldst thou be thought a child of grace—
Wear constantly a serious face,
Rant day and night 'bout good and evil,
Be loud in railing at the devil;
Nor ever laugh,—but often sigh,
And soon thou'lt find, unto thy joy,
Thy very spleen and melancholy
Styled strictly saintlike and most holy!—
Wouldst thou be thought "exceeding sage"—
Mourn o'er the follies of the age;
Preach, prophesy, affect to fear
That dreadful times are drawing near;
That, sure as e'er you spoke a word,
We'll soon have famine, fire, and sword,—
To that add something 'bout the comets—
Thy fame will soon exceed Mahomet's!

I might enlarge,—but time runs short,
And affectation yet to sort;
A younger sister though she be,
Yet sister to Hypocrisy.

O Affectation! imp most wicked,
From hell thou surely hast been kicked,
In spite of all thou couldst devise
To pleasant seem in demon's eyes:—
O wretch, detested, vile and base,
Back! back! into thy native place;
Thy sooty friends should better use thee,
'Twould be their loss, methinks, to lose thee;
Earth sickens at thy sight—about thee!
Thou first-born brat of father Clootie.

Yet, why condemn a noxious weed
For springing where we strew the seed?
Were affectation fairly stripped
Of her disguise, and soundly whipped,
Instead of being fed and cherish'd,
The hated wretch had long since perished.

Wouldst thou seem deeply read in books,
Let proud contempt sit in thy looks;
Get every author's name by rote,
From Homer down to Walter Scott;
Whatever common sense doth say,
Maintain 'tis quite another way;
Or what may do as well instead,
And what perhaps must be thy need,

Just shake thy head and knit thy brow—
A *dummie's* always wise, you know—
And in thine ears will shortly sound
"A man of learning most profound!"

Dost thou envy the critic tribe?
Say, wouldst thou seem a clever scribe?
Then practice *learned* grins and sneers,
Looks consequential, gibes and geers;
Get all the Billingsgate by heart—
Abuse is more than half thine art:—
What though thou'st never seen his book,
Swear such an author is a block;
That, hang him, with his prosy trash!
Far better writers felt thy lash;
That many are the sleepless nights
Thou givest to hapless minstrel wights.—
What though some grim anonymous ghost
Should haunt thy sleep for honours lost,
Pretend thou art of "The Review,"
The Veritas, or O. P. Q.
That even Blackwood could not stand
Without thy modest, helping ☞
What though thou scarcely knowest what is
The difference between grunt and gratis,—
What though thy classic reading hath
No farther gone than Wife of Bath,
Tom Thumb, or good Cock Robin's death—
Yet feign to think the Iliad poor,
The Odyssey "a perfect bore;"
Be always muttering, Ovid—muses—
Parnassus—Virgil—Oh! excuse us,

The "Mantuan Bard" we meant—the name
So grand, itself secures your fame.

An Antiquarian wouldst thou shine,
Tell us the breed of Pharaoh's kine,
The colour of the Trojan horse,
(Ye've seen his very mane, of course,)
And if, as sage historians tell,
He was indeed a cannibal;—
Pretend that thine is Aaron's rod—
A fish that swam in Noah's flood—
A fragment of the very ark—
A rib of Jonah's *living* bark—
Of Babel's tower the topmost stone—
And where's thy like beneath the sun!

Another instance;—but, my dad
Cries "'Change your pen, Sir, for a spade,"
So I must leave the "would-be" train,
And to the ditches once again.

O! ye who would seem wondrous wise—
O! ye who would have earth and skies
To gaze on you with admiration,
I grant you my sincere compassion,—
But were strict justice kept in view,
Profound contempt would be your due.

STANZAS.

Were I a lark, no longer free,
Where should I like encaged to be
Where like an April morn I'd see
Eliza, blushing, smiling;—
Her brow would be my blissful sky,
A radiant orb each beaming eye,
Her locks the clouds to which I'd fly
With melody beguiling.

Were I a bee, what balmy bower—
What land of sweetness I'd explore?
Eliza's lips—a coral shore
Rich, rich in spoils untasted:
There is the honey-dropping cell—
The Eden where I love to dwell,
The nectar fount from which I'd steal
Sweets never to be wasted.

And if a floweret, where would I
Delight to bloom, delight to die,
But in that paradise of joy—
Eliza's radiant bosom?
Her breath would be my zephyrs, while
My sunshine bright would be her smile:
Flowers that could bloom in such a soil,
In heaven itself might blossom!

TO MARY.

FARE thee well! my once loved jewel—
Blessings ever dwell with thee!
If, my Mary, thou art cruel,
Thou art only so to me.

Had I gazed on thee unmoved,
Had I smiled when oft I sigh'd,
Had I, even had I loved,
Yet conceal'd it from thy pride—

Thou wouldst haply smile upon me,
Sunlike, as on other swains;
Thou wouldst even, for to win me
Warble yet thy syren strains!

Was it that I loved thee dearer
Than a thousand brothers could—
Was it that I deem'd thee fairer
Than a seraph, and more good—

Was it that I thought on heaven
Far less often than on thee
That despair my heart has riven?
That no hope is left for me?

Mary! when first in yon bower
Sunk thy head upon my breast—
When our hearts first felt love's power,
And we sigh'd most when most blest—

When—yet in thy morn of beauty—
  Innocence less pure than thee—
When the flowery crown was pretty
  Only when entwined by me!

When unto my heart I press'd thee,
  As thou promised to be true—
When a thousand times I kiss'd thee,
  Wert thou then less bless'd than now?

* * * * * *

LINES,

Written extempore at the house of my ingenious kinsman, the Gardener at Craigforth.

ADAM! if *now* by Heaven's decree
Thou hadst from Paradise to flee,
Wouldst thou but bend thy journey north,
Wouldst thou but come to fair *Craigforth*,
There might'st thou find as sweet an Eden,
And, wanting Eve, as bright a maiden.

ODE TO LOCHFINE.

How sweetly pours the orb of light
His streaming glories on the sight!
The mountains seem to fall asleep,
As, slowly gliding o'er the deep,
Their dusky boundless shadows go,
Accompanying the ocean's flow;
Pure from the chambers of the north,
The viewless breezes issue forth,
And gather fragrance as they fly,
Chiming the music of the sky.—
Light gales that wanton with the ocean surf,
And sigh along the flowery turf,
Whence are your odours? whence your melody
That lulls to sleep the swan upon the sea?
Have ye been wandering down by Aray's side,
Extracting sweets from every flower?
Or through the woods where Shira's waters glide,
Where oft to yonder bower,
The Mountain Minstrel strays at break of day,
And tunes his heaven-born lyre
With soul-entrancing fire,
His theme—the young—the beautiful—the gay:
O Love and Beauty! smile on youthful Ewen's lay.

Dark frowning woods of evergreen
Here circumscribe the lovely scene,
With mountains fading on the sight,
That first and last reflect the light
Of morning and of evening bright—

With fairy vales, and rivers clear,
Along whose banks the mountain deer,
And bounding roe, are seen to stray,
And, sweeter still, the lambkins play.
Wide-spreading plains and sylvan bowers,
Villas grand and hoary towers,
Bridges in Architecture's pride,
That zone each river's crystal tide,—
Heathy steeps, projecting rocks,
Whereon the lonely raven croaks,
And the eagle builds his home,
And the shaggy wild goats roam,
And the foaming torrents roar—
These, and a thousand beauties more,
In richest order all combine
To beautify thy shores—Lochfine.*

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* The above ode is not the author's production: It is that of a poetical friend of his—Mr Dun. Clark, Ford, Argyleshire,—but as it first suggested the idea of entitling this volume "The Mountain Minstrel," and as any thing in praise of Lochfine—he had almost said, of *himself* too—is what to him always gives a peculiar delight, he has ventured, courteous reader, here to insert it, leaving thee shrewdly to shake thy head at the expressions, "heaven-born lyre," "soul-entrancing fire," &c., and that for reasons best known to thyself.

LINES

On the Death of a very young and lovely Friend.

(From the Author's Gaelic—by MACTALLA.)

THY life was like a morning cloud
Of rosy hue, at break of day;
The envious sun broke through, and chas'd
The rival glory fast away!

Thy life was like the autumnal sun,
By *shadow* brush'd o'er field and flower;
Or like the bow of heaven, that sheds
Its glory in a fleeting shower.

Thy life was like the snow that rests
On ocean's margin, by the shore,—
The wave returned, and snatch'd it off,
Its whiteness fled for evermore!

Thy life was like a tuneful harp,
The strings gave way when scarce begun;
Or like "the tale of other years,"
To *expectation* half unsung!

Thy life was as when winter-moon
Forsakes the bark that rides the deep;

Or like a lover's dream of bliss,
  Who wakes, alas! like me to weep.

Thou wert a flow'ret far too sweet
  To bloom save but in Paradise;
Thou wert a sun that quenched was,
  O! Mary, when about to rise!

SONGS.

SONGS.

MY FATHERLAND.

Tune,—"An nochd gur faoin mo chadal dhomh," &c.

And must I bid a last farewell—
  A long, a sad adieu
To lake and forest, flood and fell,
  To all I loved so true?
The vessel bounds o'er billows free,
  Night's shadows are at hand,
And I must see no more of thee,
  My dear, dear Fatherland!

O Scotland! o'er th' Atlantic's roar
  Tho' fated to depart,
Nor fortune's frown nor tyrant's power
  Can tear thee from my heart;—
My happy, happy Highland home,
  Still far away thou'lt seem
An Eden bright in Fancy's light,
  A heaven in Memory's dream!

Land of the tartan and the tale,
The song, the shieling low,
The thistle and the heather-bell,
The eagle and the roe,—
Land of the brave, the fair, the free,
May foe ne'er touch thy strand:
Farewell to thee! farewell to thee!
My dear, dear Fatherland!

THE MINSTREL'S DEARIE.

TUNE,—"Daintie Davie."

CHORUS.

LIKE a fairy in her bower,
Ever cheerie, gay and cheerie,
Lovely as a summer flower
Must be the Minstrel's dearie.

Eliza's modest, mild, and fair;
Eliza's rich but "de'il may care;"
A poorer lass, if merrier,
Must be the Minstrel's dearie.
Like a fairy, &c.

She must be gay, she must be young,
She must be quite a child of song,
And bonnie as the day is long
Must be the Minstrel's dearie.
Like a fairy, &c.

The stars that with the eve arise
Must mind me of her laughing eyes,
Pure as the snow yet in the skies
Must be the Minstrel's dearie.
Like a fairy, &c.

Like morning blushing into day,
Like summer sunbeam smiling aye,
The very emblem of sweet May
Must be the Minstrel's dearie.
Like a fairy, &c.

SONG.

TUNE,—"A Mhorag mar dean thu tighinn," &c.

CHORUS.

COME, come, my bonnie lassie,
Smiling lassie, to the Glen;—
Answer, yea, my charming Jessie,
And thy lover shall be fain.

Come where flows the Aray,
  Lassie, while the heather's blooming,
And cuckoo, sae cheerie,
  Makes Echo answer to her strain;
Come where fairy bowers are—
  Flowerets springing, ivy clinging
  'Mang the boughs where birds are singing,
And thou'lt ever be my ain.
                    Come, come, &c.

Bonnie blooms the rose there,
  Ilka knowe is white wi' lammies,
At the e'ening close there
  Chants his pipe the shepherd swain;
Where the rills, that wander
  Like crystal threads amang the heather,
  Meet, we'll live an' love thegether,
And thou'lt ever be my ain.
                    Come, come, &c.

HIGHLAND NANCY.

TUNE,—"Birks of Aberfeldy."

CHORUS.

FLOW'RET of the hills of snow,
Hills of snow, hills of snow,
'Mong the hills where dwells the roe
Sweet blooms the lass I fancy.

No lady's maid though e'er so fine,
Nor city belle may e'er be mine,
O Nature, give some bloom of thine—
Give me my Highland Nancy.
Flow'ret of the hills, &c.

As gay and bright as sunny beams,
Or forms that visit poets' dreams,
And pure as her own fairy streams
Is she, my Highland Nancy.
Flow'ret of the hills, &c.

Unknown to smile but when she's fain,
She sighs when she is sad again;
Oh sure 'twould be a heaven to gain
The love of Highland Nancy!
Flow'ret of the hills, &c.

Place me, ye Fates, 'mid Arctic frost,
Or on Guiana's sultry coast,
I'd seek no more to make me blest
Ev'n there, but Highland Nancy.
Flow'ret of the hills, &c.

Oh would thy spirit, Ossian! come
Once more to see thy mountain home,
Malvina's self in all her bloom
Ye'd find surpass'd by Nancy.
Flow'ret of the hills, &c.

Descend, immortal son of song!
And bring thy airy harp along—
To "Cona's voice" alone belong
To tell how bright is Nancy.
Flow'ret of the hills, &c.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

TUNE,—"Ye banks an' braes o' bonnie Doon."

THE shepherd boy was far away,—
His heart was heavy, and his song
Was often pour'd at close of day,
While cheer'd him thus the rustic throng:—
"The maidens here are fair and free,
And sweet our heather braes do bloom;"
Yet sadly, sweetly still sung he,
"Oh! this is not my native home."

"O balmy is the breath of Morn,
And bright the sun's declining ray,
Sweet is the sound of mountain burn,
And light the skylark's varied lay;
Gay are the lambkins on the lea,
And rich our mountain flowers' perfume,"—
Yet sadly, sweetly still sung he,
"Oh! this is not my native home."

SONG.

Tune,—"Nighean donn an t-sugraidh."

Why doth each minstrel slumber?
What can each harp encumber?
When of the sweetest numbers
Sae worthy is my Mary, O?

Chorus.

My blessings on thee, Mary,
My bonnie blue-eyed Mary;
The love I bear my fair one
Is all my heart can carry, O.

Like sunbeam on the ocean,
Like swan on Shira's bosom,
Like April's brightest blossom,
Sae bright is sure my Mary, O.
My blessings, &c.

Wi' wavin' locks sae gowden
Her snowy neck enshroudin',
There's naething vain or proud in
The heart o' smiling Mary, O!
My blessings, &c.

Wi' thousands to adore her,
She loves me only surer :—
An angel may be purer,
But not mair sweet than Mary, O.
My blessings, &c.

THE DELUDED MAID'S LULLABY.

TUNE,—"John Anderson, my Joe."

OH, sleep! my bonnie wee love,—
  Weel may I rue the day
Thy daddie met wi' me, love,
  Down by yon birken brae;
The doves war fondly cooing,
  The woodlark warbled near,
And daddie he was vowin'
  He'd ever ca' me dear.

He said my neck an' bosom
  Ware white as winter's snow,
An' that the rose in blossom
  Was naething to my mou;
He kissed me sae fondly,
  He bade me not to fear,
Let me be ne'er sae kindly,
  He'd ever ca' me dear.

Sleep! sleep! my little dearie,
  Why shouldst thou hear the sigh
That tells thy mither's eerie?
  Oh, but for thee she'd die!
Alas! tho' daddie knows it,
  He never comes to cheer;
He promised me the rose, but
  I only found the brier.

THE LASSIE I LOVE.

TUNE,—"Bi falbh o'n uinneig, a ghaoil, a ghaoil," &c.

THE lassie wha met me yestreen, yestreen,
Wha smil'd when I kiss'd her, unseen, unseen,
Wha o'er the warld wi' me wad rove, wad rove,
O this is the lassie I love, I love.

CHORUS.

O, wha's like the lassie I love, I love?
O, wha's like the lassie I love, I love?
The lassie wha promised to prove, to prove
True aye, is the lassie I love, I love.

Her hair it is bright as the gleam, the gleam,
Of starlights asleep on the stream, the stream,
And sweet as their nectar above, above,
The lips o' the lassie I love, I love.
O, wha's like, &c.

The rosebud saft blushing in May, in May,
The star o' the gloamin, sae gay, sae gay,
The daisie sae modest, the dove, the dove,
Are types o' the lassie I love, I love.
O, wha's like, &c.

Tho' richer lads court her, yet she, yet she
Mair lovingly smileth on me, on me;
And Venus wad tempt me to rove, to rove
In vain frae the lassie I love, I love.
O, wha's like, &c.

When misers care naething for gold, for gold,
When India's summer is cold, is cold,
When the pole star shall vary I'll prove, I'll prove
Then false to the lassie I love, I love.
O, wha's like, &c.

SONG.

Tune,—"Mary in heaven."

Oh! tell me not of Spring's return—
Of flow'ry mead or leafy grove,
Of glassy lake or limpid burn,—
Such scenes my heart no more can love;
When Jessie's on the bed of pain—
When fades the flower alone I prize,
Spring smiles for me all, all in vain,
Rejoicing Nature mocks my sighs!

What though yon sun more brightly shines,
What though yon birds more sweetly sing,
My sun of beauty fast declines—
My lark no more is on the wing;
What though all-verdant be your plains,
When my adored blossom dies
Say not 'tis Spring, ye heartless swains!
'Tis Winter! Winter! in mine eyes.

MARY OF GLENGYLE.

Be it March, or be it May,
Be it dark December day,
Mary—ever-blooming flower—
Flourishes, while I adore:
Queens to see her would be sad,
Kings might envy me my plaid,
When she meets me with a smile,
Happy in her own Glengyle.

Let me rest or let me rove,
Frequent glen or frequent grove,
Mary's image, ever near,
Cheers my heart and chases care;
When I dream, 'tis her I see
Ever smiling upon me,
Where she sings and laughs the while,
Happy in her own Glengyle.

Once the streamlets murmur'd sweet,
Once the lambs could fondly bleat,
Once the harp could pleasure bring,
Once the lark could sweetly sing;—
Now upon my listless ear
Music floats and fails to cheer;
Nothing but my Mary's smile
Makes me happy in Glengyle.

THE FLOW'RET O' DALCHENNA.

TUNE,—"O'er the muir amang the heather."

CHILL blaws the win', and dark's the sky,
The torrent wild roars down yon glennie,
The lightnings flash,—but what care I
While gaun to keep my tryst wi' Annie?

CHORUS.

O'er the muirs an' mosses many,
O'er the muirs an' mosses many,
O'er the muirs this night I'll scour,
And kiss the Flow'ret o' Dalchenna.

Although the snaw should reach my knee,
An' fordless be the streams, an' many,
Though ghaists at every step I'd see,
I must an' will be o'er to Annie.
O'er the muirs, &c.

In vain I see her graceful form,
In vain I pree her lips o' honey—
The smile sae sweet, the heart sae warm,
These are the dearest charms o' Annie.
O'er the muirs, &c.

The heartless wretch, to gear a slave,
May gae an' woo a lass wi' money,
But Annie's love is all I crave—
A fig for gowd compared to Annie.
O'er the muirs, &c.

THE HILLS OF THE HEATHER.

Tune,—"On wi' the Tartan."

Give the swains of Italia
'Mong myrtles to rove,
Give the proud sullen Spaniard
His bright orange grove;
Give gold-sanded streams
To the sons of Chili,
But, Oh! give the hills
Of the heather to me.

There Health never wanders
Afar from the dell,
There Love fondest whispers
To Beauty his tale,
There—Freedom's own darling!—
The Gael lives free,—
Then, Oh! give the hills
Of the heather to me.

MY AIN KIND-HEARTED NANCY.

Tune,—" 'Ille dhuinn's toigh leam thu," &c.

Chorus.

Let ithers say whate'er they may,
For me I'll hae my fancy,
An' I will never lo'e but thee,
My ain kind-hearted Nancy.

Fair maids many hae I seen,
But never did I ane see
That I could wish to ca' my ain
Until I met wi' Nancy.
Let ithers say, &c.

The blushing morn is fair to view
When Summer decks our glens a',
Sweet is the rose when gemm'd wi' dew,
But sweeter far is Nancy.
Let ithers say, &c.

The lark delights to soar on high,
Like poet in his frenzy,
But my delight is to be nigh
My ever-smiling Nancy.
Let ithers say, &c.

Not Exile, when his ain countrie
His longing eyes again see,
Kens half my raptures, when I gae
To keep my tryst wi' Nancy.
Let ithers say, &c.

Her beauty, though without compare,
Is not at all my fancy;—
'Tis innocence that makes sae dear
To me my lovely Nancy.
Let ithers say, &c.

STANZAS.

They tell thee that I'm a deceiver,
Mary, dont believe the tale;
While my heart beats, never, never
Shall deceit to thee prevail.

Those who hint that each succeeding
Maid I see, my fancy warms,
Know not how my heart is pleading
To live only in thine arms.

Moons may change in yonder heaven,
Ocean still may ebb and flow,
But my love, so fondly given,
Change nor ebb shall ever know.

ARAY'S BLOOMING ROSE.

TUNE,—"Gramachree."

Now Spring so glad her favours spread
  O'er mountain glen and grove,
And shepherd lads and vocal glades
  Breathe nought but strains of love;
To yonder glen I'll haste away,
  Where sweet the hawthorn blows,
And kiss and love the livelong day
  Sweet Aray's blooming Rose.

When Summer comes with warmer beams,
  I'll twine a bonny bower
In lonely dell, where heathcocks wheel,
  And loves the lark to soar;
With choicest flow'rets from the lee
  I'll strew its shady boughs,
And then transplant, all fragrant, there
  Sweet Aray's blooming Rose.

And when hoar-headed Winter comes,
  In cloudy garb array'd,
And stately groves and sweetest blooms
  Bend all beneath his tread,
To my heart press'd, my flower will rest
  Till mildest zephyr blows,
For angels' tears would fall should e'er
  Fade Aray's blooming Rose.

SONG.

Tune,—"Thou soft flowing Avon."

O April! sweet season of sunshine and showers,
Thou mind'st me of her who was fair as thy flowers,
As light as thy zephyrs, or lamb on the lea,
And kindly—too kindly, she smiled upon me.

Thou mind'st me of her who was mild as thy dews,
Who smiled like thy sunbeams and blush'd like thy rose,
Who sung like thy wild birds so merry and free,
And kindly—too kindly, she smiled upon me.

Hush! hush! cruel songsters, or, with me to mourn,
Wake the woe-breathing strain by green woodland and burn;
Oh, sing what a dove—what an angel was she
Who kindly—too kindly, oft smiled upon me.

O April! sweet season of sunshine and showers,
Thou mind'st me of her who was fair as thy flowers;
They die in their beauty, alas! so did she;—
But she lives in yon skies, and still smiles upon me.

THE FLOWER OF GLENFYNE.

TUNE,—"Their groves of sweet myrtle," &c.

OH! that I might live with my love in some shieling,
Far, far in the desert where no one might come,
In some sweet fairy spot where the roe makes his dwelling,
And love the wild brier and hairbell to bloom;
There—free from the fears that now torture my bosom,
No proud wealthy rival to make me repine—
Close, close to my heart, Oh! I'd aye keep my blossom,
Yon lovely wee flow'ret that blooms in Glenfyne.

Each morn with the lark would I waken so cheerie,
The wild deer to chase, while like sweet-laden bee,
At evening returning, I'd haste to my dearie—
Love swelling my bosom, joy filling my e'e;
And when with a kiss she would welcome her lover,
Oh, what were a crown and its pleasures to mine!
If envy, bright angels! could dwell with ye ever,
Ye'd sigh to see me with the Flower of Glenfyne.

BELLA.

YE'VE seen from brightest blue,
The star of gloamin' gleam—
The rosebud "wat wi' dew,"
The rowan by the stream;—

But naething hae ye seen
  And ne'er may see, I trow—
Sae bright as Bella's een,
  Sae red as Bella's mou.'

Ye've seen the snow-wreath high,
  The wild wave's rushing leap,
The lake when zephyrs die,
  And sunbeams on it sleep;—
Yet naething hae ye seen
  And ne'er may see, I trow—
Sae white as Bella's skin,
  Sae calm as Bella's brow.

SONG.

Air,—"The bonnie House o' Airley."

'Tis not Fortha's banks to leave that doth make my heart to grieve,
Though an angel might there love to tarry—
Leaving even Paradise could scarce waken half the sighs
Which my bosom now heaveth for Mary!

Mary! Mary! hadst thou known what a heart was all thine own—
How my love to thee never could vary—
Oh! thou never wouldst have frown'd, or that heart so deeply wound,
Which till cold in the dust shall love Mary.

AWAY WITH YOUR FAIR MAIDS.

TUNE,—"Away ye gay landscapes," &c.

AWAY with your fair maids! with me wouldst thou wander
In calm summer morn, when, bespangled with dew,
The wild roses bloom by the streams that meander,
And blush at their shadows reflected below;
Oh, then ye'd confess that, though woman be charming
And 'witching the glances that dart from her eyes,
Compared to the graces of Nature's rude forming,
Her charmings are delightless, and fail to surprise.

Away with your fair maids! when evening advances,
And brightly in ocean sets yon golden sun,
When a thousand bright stars in the blue heaven dance, as
They seem to say, Mortals, be gay while you can;—
When slumbers the lake,—and the streamlets descending,
Seem gold, as they glance in the moon's mellow light,
And revels fond fancy 'midst visions transcending,
Oh! who would think then that vain woman is bright?

THE FLOWER OF ARROCHAR

TUNE,—"Farewell to Fionary."

My mountain Home, a paradise
Once thou wert in Evan's eyes,
When like the sun in summer skies
Young Peggy smiled on Arrochar.

CHORUS.

Charming, ever charming, O,
Smiling, ever smiling, O,
Pure as winter's drifted snow
Was she, the Flower of Arrochar.

Wake, gentle echoes of the glen,
But not to pleasure's wonted strain;
Alas! can anything be fain
When Peggy's far from Arrochar?
Charming, ever, &c.

Cease, fond lark, thy happy lay,
Mavis, why art thou so gay?
Know ye not, my love's away
Far, far from me and Arrochar?
Charming, ever, &c.

Think ye, think ye, vain blooming flowers!
To vie with her my heart adores?
Or do ye shed these dewy tears
Like me for her by Arrochar?
Charming, ever, &c.

Fly, Phœbus, with thy golden ray,
Thou mind'st me of love's golden day!
Go shine where love and beauty stray,
But Oh! shun me and Arrochar.
Charming, ever, &c.

Ye starlets! well I know for why
Ye smile—the beam for which I sigh
No more awakens your envy
As when she smil'd on Arrochar.
Charming, ever, &c.

But laugh away, ye silly beams—
Like your own shadow in the stream,
In visions sweetly yet she seems
To smile on me and Arrochar.
Charming, ever, &c.

WHEN I AM FAR AWAY.

TUNE,—"Oh no! we never mention her," &c.

AND thou wilt sing the song, sweet child!
When I am far away,
And thou wilt make the echoes wild
To list unto the lay;
This thought will cheer the minstrel's heart,
Forget though others may,
That thou wilt sing the song, sweet child,
When I am far away.

Unknown to wealth and friendship too
Though oft the minstrel sings,
Give him his "fame," though small the due,
He'll laugh at crowns and kings;
Ev'n I—the thought is heaven to me—
Ev'n I my meed shall ha'e,
Since thou wilt sing the song, sweet child,
When I am far away.

THE DREAM.

TUNE,—"The light guitar."

I HAD a dream of yesternight, I saw the wide blue sea,
And by the beach a cottage bright, o'ershadow'd by a tree,
And in that cottage was a maid more fair than op'ning morn—
Possessing her, a thousand thrones, a thousand queens I'd scorn!

As e'er ye've seen in darkest night one lovely star appear,
With trem'lous ray, o'er the far height, some lated wight to cheer,
And then the rebel gloomy clouds enshroud the lonely beam—
That star was her—I saw the clouds were sounds that broke my dream.

SONG.

TUNE,—"Lassie wi' the lint-white locks."

CHORUS.

PHEMY, Phemy 's coming soon!
Blythe and happy, far more happy
Than the thing that wears a croun,
Shall I be wi' my dearie.

Phemy's coming soon, they say,
Chair an' creepie out the way,
We'll dance an' sing like birds o' May,
Deuce on the dunce that's eerie.
Phemy, Phemy's coming, &c.

When my Phemy gaed awa',
Weel I ken wha's tears did fa',
Now wi' laughing faces a',
Let's welcome hame my dearie.
Phemy, Phemy's coming, &c.

Peggy now may smile or frown—
On some one look up or down;
The lassie's pride will get a stoun
The day that comes my dearie.
Phemy, Phemy 's coming, &c.

Gang walth an' honour to auld nick,
Gi'e pride a roppie roun' her neck,
But gi'e to me, nae mair I seek,
The lass that's ever cheerie.
Phemy, Phemy 's coming, &c.

THE MAID OF MORVEN.

TUNE,—"Maid of Isla."

HAVE ye seen the rose in blossom,
Blushing on its thorny bough?
Have ye seen the modest primrose
Bending 'neath the silver dew?
Such was she—the maid who charm'd me,
Such the maid I still adore;
But the lovely maid of Morven
I must soon leave evermore.

Soon, too soon the restless ocean
Shall bear me far, far away,
But the love I bear my chosen
Ne'er can from this poor heart stray!
Deeply hid, like miser's treasure,
Lives thine image in its core;
But, ah me! sweet maid of Morven,
I must leave thee evermore.

BONNIE ISABELL.

TUNE,—"Roslin Castle."

Now summer crowns the flow'ry plains,
And ever-smiling gladness reigns;
The streams make music, an' the sun
Looks at a brither in each linn;—
While poets raptured sing o' May,
And love is in the lav'rock's lay,
Gi'e me to dauner up yon dell,
An' kiss my bonnie Isabell.

O bright is May morn's laughing beams,
And sweet is autumn's lunar gleams,
But when my charmer smiles on me,
I guess what heaven itself maun be!
With heaving breast an' sunny brow,
She seems a living form of snow,—
And innocence her emblem will
Find in my bonnie Isabell.

Ye seraphs, ever guard my love,—
But as ye hover round the dove,
Oh gaze not often on her eyes—
They'd make ye to forget the skies!
An' then her lips—take care! take care!
If once ye'd taste the sweet that's there,
I fear ye'd get as fond's mysel'
O' kissing bonnie Isabell!

SONG.

Tune.—"Gradh geal mo chri."

O why do I love thee, Glenaray, O why?
'Tis not for thy plains or thy woods waving high,
Thy flowers wildly blooming, or brown heather braes,
Glenaray, Glenaray, I care not for these.

I love thee,—but not for thy echoing hills,
I court thee,—but not for thy crystalline rills;
I haunt thee,—but not for thy fountains so clear,
And the chase on thy mountains allures me not here.

Oh no! for unheeded the roe now skips by,
The wild foaming cascade is nought in mine eye;
Sweet Glen! what then makes thee an Eden to me?
'Tis the lovely wee lassie with the blue rolling ee.

Yes, maid of my love! as a bee that has found
Some sweet-laden bloom as it wanders around,
Returns and returns oft to feast on his prize,
Even so my heart moves to drink love from thine eyes.

False friendship may flatter, coy fortune may smile,
And hope's dazzling meteor shine soon to beguile;
Away with such shadows! there's nothing to me
Like yon lovely wee lassie with the blue rolling ee.

CHARLIE.

In the garb of the sons of the mountains
Young Charlie saluted our shore;
With the strains that are sung by our fountains
His heart was made happy or sore;
So princely he trode on our heather,
So nobly did in us confide,
That our sires, sternly banded together,
For *him* fought and conquered and died.

Then where is the Highlander's bosom
That beats not at Charlie's dear name?
While the heath on our mountains shall blossom
So long shall we cherish his fame.

Ye martyrs of "gory Culloden,"
Say, bled ye in Bigotry's part?
Ah no! it was honour and *Charlie*
Alone found a place in your heart;
Green blooms—yet far greener would blossom
His fame, if, when fate there did frown,
He, too, with the blood of his bosom,
Wrote his name on the page of renown.

Then where is the Highlander's bosom
That beats not at Charlie's dear name?
While the heath on our mountains shall blossom
So long shall we cherish his fame.

STANZAS.

We loved—she, young and innocent,
  And comely as a seraph,
Long, long ere flatt'ry knew her, went
  From me and home afar off.
Years pass'd—we met—I miss'd the blush
  Which mark'd the child of nature;
'Twas told by motion, mien, and dress,
  She was of art the creature.

That bosom though still "half divine,"
  Those eyes though still enchanting,
Though still those locks like gold did shine,
  There still was something wanting
To wake the flame that brightly burn'd
  Once with increasing ardour;—
I sigh'd for beauty, and I mourn'd
  That folly was her warder.

SONG.

Tune,—"Now wat ye wha I met yestreen."

She talks of friendship, so did I,
  Until I felt so cold a name
Could ne'er express the ecstasy—
  The painful bliss that shakes my frame,

And fires my fancy, when my e'e
O'er all her angel beauties rove;
Yet, cruel, cruel the decree!
Fair Jeanie bids me cease to love.

Bid larks forget to hail the morn,
When smiling spring renews the year,
Bid fondest mother cease to mourn
When her first-born is on the bier;
Bid miser hate his gold,—the bee
Forbid in flow'ry May to rove;
But, Jeanie, since it cannot be,
Oh! never bid me cease to love.

THE BRIDE.

I SAW her in the mazy dance,
Love sparkling in her eye;
I saw her move in happiness,
Like vision of the sky!
'Twas then around my throbbing heart
Love twined his iron chain;
'Twas then I'd give a world to know
I loved not all in vain.

The music ceased,—I saw her sit
Upon another's knee;
I saw her smile, but, cruel fate!
That smile was not for me;

They told me she that very night
Resign'd her maiden name;
'Twas then I'd give a world to find
'Twas all a midnight dream.

SONG.

Tune,—"Gu ma slàn a chi mi," &c.

Roll, roll, ye swelling billows,
Blow, blow, thou merry wind;
Bear me to some far region
Where love is always kind:
Where love is always kind, and where
Young beauty is not sold;
Where I'll forget to rue the day
My Clara married gold.

Haste, haste, ye swelling breezes,
Bear me to some far soil
Where fortune is despised,
Alike, her frown and smile;
Where worth—not birth—is honoured,
Pale malice never known,
And where the good and generous
Bloom ever and alone.

BONNIE NANCY.

Tune,—"Catharine Ogie."

Let Tannahill, in tender strain,
Sing her o' Arrantennie;
The "Shepherd," in sublimest vein
Extol the "bright Kilmeny;"
Let Burns sing o' his "bonnie Jean"—
I carena what they can say,
The fairest lass e'er sung or seen
Is my ain bonnie Nancy.

The May-morn sun when, crimson clad,
He laughs at shadows flying,
Or Vesper when she quits her bed
To look at daylight dying—
Sae sweet my lassie smileth, when
I kiss her whar nane can see;
A more than mortal might be vain
O' ane fond look frae Nancy!

My Nanny's poor as poor can be,
But, O, her love's a treasure;
An' when I ken 'tis a' for me,
I ken a heaven o' pleasure!
Let misers dream o' sordid gains,
An' statesmen o' their plans aye;
I'll dream and think, while life remains,
O' naething but my Nancy.

CLÀRSACH NAM BEANN;

NO,

ÒRAIN AGUS DÀNA GÀELIG,

LE

EÓBHAN MAC-COLLA.

" Air Fionn gu'n togainn fonn, 'us
Air Diarmad donn bu toigh leam seinn,
Ach fonn cha seinn mo chlàrsach
Ach dàn air gràdh nan caileagan!"

Bho 'n Teachdaire Ghàelach.

DO

DH-IAIN F. CAIMBEUL,

TIGHEARNA OG ILE.

'UASAIL URRAMAICH,

Nam biodh daoine móra na Gàeldachd gu léir de dh-aon inntinn riutsa, agus nan leanadh iad d' eisimpleir-sa, cha bhiodh tìr nam beann an diugh mar tha i,—a cànain ghlòirmhor air a mì-mhachadh, a luchd-àiteachaidh calma air am fuadachadh, agus cleachdainnean coimheach, le sluagh coimheach, 'ga h-ithe suas.

Tha mòran a' gabhail nàire á cànain nan Gàel, ach chunnaic tusa a brìgh agus a h-éifeachd, agus tha thu 'deanamh uaill chubhaidh aisde. Tha móran a ghairsnicheas roimh 'n phìob, agus a chuireas stùic orra 'n uair chi iad am féile.beag—ach 'se nuall an duis mhóir agus leadan an t-sionnsair ceòl do chridhe-sa; agus air son an fhéile-bhig dheth, cha n-e a mhàin gu 'm beil thu féin 'an trom ghaol air agus 'ga chaitheamh,—tha do chridhe 'bualadh le bàigh, tha do chàirdeas cinnteach dhoibhsan uile a chaitheas e fad an fhearainn sin air am beil thu, cho airidh, 'nad oighre. 'S ann air son so, agus air son so a mhàin a tha mi a' cur "Clàrsach nam Beann" a nis fo do thearmunn.

Og, neo-sheòlt' tha 'n làmh a bhuail i—
Bristeach, fann air chinnt tha 'fuaimean;
Amhuil smeòrach 'cur r'a duanaig
    Anns an Earrach fhuaraidh, lom:
Leig do 'n smeòraich ud gu bealltuinn,
'S feuch mar binn i anns a challtuinn;
'S an ath uair———

Ach stadam, stadam—cha n-fhiach a bhi 'gealltuinn tuille 's a' chòir.

Guma fada chaomhnas am Freasdal thu gu bhi 'nochdadh do 'n t-saoghal ann ad chainnt, 'nad choltas, agus 'nad chleachduinn, meud do thlachd do na Gàeil—buadhach mar d' athraichean gu'n robh thu, co ac' is ann ann an Ard Chomhairle na Rìgheachd a' dealbh reachdan do na slòigh, no ann am blàr nam buillean a' snaidheadh cheann a's chluas de naimhdean Bhreatuinn. 'Si so dùrachd do sheirbheisich.

E. M'C.

TAOBH LOCH-FINE,
Deireadh an Earraich, 1836.

CLÀRSACH NAM BEANN.

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* LOCH-DUBHAICH.

Failt' ort, a Loch-dubhaich! fàilt' ort!
Nam b' fhear-dàna réir mo dhùrachd
Mise nis, gu fonnmhor, sàr-ghrinn,
'Fhìor "Loch-àluinn," bheirinn cliù ort.

Amhuil a's naoidhean 'na chadal
Gu ciùin 'an uchd dubhach a mhàthar,
'S stric d' athair, an Cuan, fo bhruaillean,
A's tusa 'n ad shuain ceart làmh ris.

A' bhirlinn a' teicheadh bho 'n doinionn,
Cha n-ainmig 'n ad rathad-sa stiùireadh,
'S tu 'fosgladh do bhroilleich mar shlànuidhear
'Thoirt fasgaidh a's fàrdaich do 'n dùile.

A bheanntan a phògas na reultan!
Cha n-'eil sibh gun aobhar 'bhi pròiseil,
'S gu 'm faigh sibh 'bhi 'coimhead 'ur n-àilleachd
Gach lath' ann an sgàthan co òirdheirc.

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* Loch dubh-fhèath, *i. e.* the Lake of deep calm—situated in Ross-shire.

O ! 's àghmhor an nì 'bhi 'g 'ur faicinn
  Mar so, feasgar, a' srachdadh nan speuraibh,
No 's a' mhadainn le 'r curraichdean òr-bhuidh,
  'N uair tha 'ghrian as á ròs-leabaidh 'g éiridh !

A bhuachaille bhig air an raon ud,
  Cia air tha, le ioghnadh, do shùil-sa ?
Tha feudail gu cinnteach fo 'n aigean—
  Seall thusa 'm beil agad do dhiù féin.

A' tional nan dearc air a bhruthach,
  Eisd ! éisd ciod is bruidhinn do 'n phàisd' ud:—
" Tha coille 'an ìochdar Loch-dubhaich !
  A bhràthair, 'bheil cnuthan a' fàs oirr' ?"

A Dhùin ud a dh' éireas o 'n charraig,*
  Rinn aois iomadh sgar ann ad chliathaich ;
A thannaisg nan làithean a thréig sinn,
  Cha n-ioghnadh 'n an déigh geda liath thu.

'S tu 'n sin ann ad aonar 'n ad sheasamh,
  " Mar Oisian an deaghaidh na Féinne ;"
Tìm bheag agus leanaidh tu càirdean—
  A Dhùin ! tha làmh làidir an éig ort.

Cha tearc ris a' ghealaich, ma 's fìor iad,
  Mu 'n sgeir ud tha dlùth, an òigh-fhairge ;
A h-òr-leadan féin aic' 'ga chìreadh,
  'S i 'seinn—an saoil mì 'n e do mharbh-rann !

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* Caisteal-donnain.

O cha n-e;—'s deimhinn leam gur ann thà i
'N sud a' cumha 'n déigh 'n ògain 'thug gaol d'i,
Agus esan air fàs a nis fuar rith'—
Faodaidh bith chionn an truaghan 'bhi faoilidh.

Seinn, O seinn ort air d' aghaidh, 'oigh-mhara!
'S tu nach 'eil gun do pheathraichean tìre—
Tìr na muir dha, 'se 'n cridhe as blàithe,
A réir coltais, do 'n dàn 'bhi 'ga shìor-leon!

O Easaibh a's binn-fhuaimneach siubhal
Gu far 'bheil Loch-dubhaich a' bruadar,
Cha n-ioghnadh leam idir le 'r crònan
Ged robh esan an còmhnuidh 'san t-shuain so.

'Ann an *so* sibh le faicill ag aomadh,
Gu cam-lùbach, measg raointean nam blàth tiugh;
'Ann an *sud* sibh mar bhoillsgeannan gréine,
'N ur ciad still a' borb-leum feadh nan àrd-chreag!

A Choir' ud 's an caidil a' chuairt-ghaoth,
Cha tearc annad ruagadh 'n daimh-chròice,
'S Mactalla 'ga fhàgail féin bodhar
A' freagairt nan gadhar 'san tòireachd.

Ciod e ged tha 'chàileachd-san fallain,
Ciod e ged mar dhealan tha 'luathas,
'Se siubhlaiche 'n fhirich a ghéilleas—
'Se foill, a laoich thréin! a thug buaidh ort.

O c' àit' 'bheil na badannan uaine
'S an cluinnear o'n chuaich a ciad òran—
'S an cinn anns a' gheamhradh na flùrain,
Mar Dhùil ann am broilleach Eu-dòchais?

O c' àit' 'bheil na h-òighean a's gile?
O c' àit' an tric filidh ri dàn doibh?
O c' àit' ach mu bhruachaibh Loch-dubhaich—
Slàn leat, 'Loch mo chridhe! nis slàn leat.

O TILL, A LEANNAIN.

AIR FONN,—"O bà, mo leanabh, O bà, O bà," &c.

LUINNEAG.

O TILL, a leannain, O till! O till!
O till, a leannain, O till! O till!
Dean cabhaig, a Mhali,
Bho dhùthaich nan Gallach,
No theid mi le h-aimheal do'n chill, do'n chill.

An cailin a dh'imich di-luain, di-luain,
O! 's minic bho sin i 'am smuain, 'am smuain,
Le 'mìn-bhasa geala,
'Cùl donn, 'sa caol-mhala—
Cha dùth dhomh 'bhi fallain bho m' uan, bho m' uan!
O till, a leannain, &c.

O thusa gheibh sealladh de m' ghaol, de m' ghaol,
Thoir fios dh'i gu'n robh i dhomh fein, dhomh fein,
Mar chridhe do m' bhroilleach,
Mar chombaist do'n mharaich,
Mar ait-ghrein an earraich do'n t-saogh'l do'n t-saogh'l.
O till, a leannain, &c.

O c' àite 'm beil coimeas do m' luaidh, do m' luaidh?
Mar ròs air uchd eala tha 'gruaidh, a gruaidh;
Clàr-aghaidh bu ghile
Na 'm bainne 'ga shileadh,
No 'ghrian 's i gu laidhe 's a' chuan, 's a' chuan.
O till, a leannain, &c.

Tha 'beulan mar shuthag nan glac, nan glac;
Mar ghogan beag meal' e, gu beachd, gu beachd;
A ciochan geal corrach,
B'e 'n coimeas dà thulach
'S iad comhdaicht g' am mullach le sneachd, le sneachd.
O till, a leannain, &c.

Tha sud fo 'n dà mhalaidh dh'fhas caol, dh'fhas caol,
Na mìn-rŭisg a's gile na 'n t-aol, na 'n t-aol,—
Dà shùil nach seall corrach,
Iad gorm mar speur earraich,
'S iad 'n impis cur thairis le gaol, le gaol!
O till, a leannain, &c.

Nam faiceadh tu 'pearsa gun mheang, gun mheang—
Nan cluinneadh tu 'labhairt gun sgraing, gun sgraing—

Nam biodh tu le m' chruinneig
'N àm togail nan luinneag,
Gu 'n lasadh do chridhe gun taing, gun taing.
O till, a leannain, &c.

Mo chridhe-sa! 's tusa bhios truagh, bhios truagh
Mar pill is' 'thog oirre gu Cluaidh, gu Cluaidh :—
Gu 'm b'fhearr na bhi maille
Ri té eil' air thalamh,
'Bhi sinnte ri m' Mhali 'san uaigh, 'san uaigh!
O till, a leannain, &c.

RANNAN

AIR Bàs Banacharaid a bha anabarrach gaolach 's a chaochail 'na leanabachd.

Chaochail i mar neulta ruiteach
'Bhios 'san Ear mu bhriste' fàire;—
B' fharmad leis a 'ghréin am bòidhchead,
Dh' éirich i 'na glòir 'chur sgàil orr'!

Chaochail i mar phlatha gréine,
'S am faileas 'na réis 'an toir air;
Chaochail i mar bhogh' nan speura,—
Shil an fhras a's thréig a ghlòir e.

Chaochail i mar shneachd a luidheas
Anns an tràigh ri cois na fairge;

Dh'aom an lān gun iochd air aghaidh—
'Ghile O! cha b'fhada 'shealbhaich.

Chaochail i mar ghuth na Clàrsaich'
'Nuair a's druidhtiche 's a's mìls' e;
Chaochail i mar sgeulachd àluinn
Mun gann 'thòisichear r'a h-ìnnseadh.

Chaochail i mar bhoillsge' gealaich'
'S am maraich' fo eagal san dorcha;
Chaochail i mar bhruadar milis,
'S an cad'laiche duilich gu'n d' fhalbh e.

Chaochail i 'an tùs a h-àille,
Cha seachnadh Pàrras as féin i;
Chaochail i—O! chaochail Màiri
Mar gu'm bàite 'ghrian aig éiridh!

BEANNACHD DHEIREANNACH AN T-SEAN EILTHIRICH GHAELICH.

AIR FONN,—"Eirinn gu Bràth."

Bha long nan crann caol mach o chùl-thaobh Chinn-tìre,—
Air bòrd bha iad lionmhor 'dh' fhag Tìr nam Beann àrd;
Bha leadan na gréine 'san tonn,—cha robh 'n t-sìd doirbh:—
Ciod e so 'chuir mì-ghean air laoch a' chùil bhàin?
O, cha 'n i 'mhuir dhūbh-ghlas 'dh 'fhag Dùghall fo champar,
Tha 'n deur air a shùil, ach 's i 'dhùthaich thug ann i,

'S e 'coimhead fad' uaithe nan cruach b' fhearr leis teann air,—
Tìr bhòidheach nam beann ris nach pill e gu bràth.

“Mo dhùthaich!” thuirt è, “ged 's e d' fhàgail mo chruaidh-dhàn,
'S ann ort nach 'eil suarach no fuaraidh mo gràdh;
Tha oiteag na slàint' mar bu ghnàth 'teachd o d' stuaghan-s',
Tha d' uchd ceart cho uain', ach 'bheil d' uachd'rain cho blàth?
Cha n-'eil;—o'n nach buan na laoich chruaidh sin nach tréigeadh
'N gleann-fraoich 's an tùr liath, air a bhriagh'd 's gu'm biodh céin-thir,
Tha Gàidheil 'gam fògradh mar cheò bharr do shléibhtean,
'S ma lean riut Cinn-fheadhn' 's ann air caoirich a mhàin!

A Bhreatuinn, 'n àm dùsgaidh thoirt sgiùrsadh do d' nàimhdibh,
Co b' ùire na 'n Gàidheal gu éiridh leat suas?
An cuimhn' leat na dhoirt e de 'n dearg-fhuil 'nad bhlàraibh,
'S 'n e nis bhi 'ga fhògradh gu bràth uait a dhuais?
Seadh, 'fhogradh 'thoirt rum do mhac Gaill—Och, mo lèireadh!
B' e 'm ploc 'an uchd màth'r sud 'an àite a ceud-ghin;—
A Ghaeldachd! a Ghaeldachd! b'e d' fhagail, a gèugan
A ghearradh o 'n chraoibh, 's iad a' crionadh 's an fhuachd.

'Thìr steallaireach, alltach, ard-choillteach, thiugh-spréidheach—
'Thìr àiridheach, fhraoch-shliosach, ghorm-lochach, àrd;
'Thìr bhreacanach, cheòlraidheach, òranach, aoidheach,
Bu tu tìr nan sgéul, dachaidh ghreadhnach na Slàint;
Ach co 'an tir chéin a ni 'n sgeulachd a dhùsgadh?
Co 'thogas an t-òran 'bhiodh sòlasach-tùrseach?
Co 'bheanas do 'n chlàrsaich, 's na h-òighean air urlar?
No 'ghleusas a' phìob 'thogail inntinn nan sàr?

O! òige, 's tu mheall mi! bha àm 'us cha n-fhac' mi,
Mar uiseag nan cnoc, ach cuis taitneis 'us sunnd;
Measg gaoil agus càirdeis 'us slàinte 'us pailteis,
Mo chridhe cho ait bha ri bricein 'am bùrn:
O m' anam! ciod ni thu bhi 'cuimhneachadh suaimhneis—
Feall-shonas a dh' fhag thu gu bràth,—'us bu luath sin!
Cha phill e an t-òg-mhios air ròsan 'bhi bruadar,
'S cha tog e mo smuairein-s' bhi 'smuainteach' air muirn.

A rionnag ud shuas, 's tuille 's luath rinn thu dùsgadh!
Tha ghlŏmuin air crùban air dùthaich mo ghaoil;
Tha 'ghealach gu càirdeil a' snàmh thar a stùchdan,
Ach monadh no stùchd nis do m' shùilibh-s' cha leur!
A lochrainean riomhach! 's ann ribhse tha m' fharmad,—
Ged ruaigeas an lō sibh á làth'ir tìr nan garbh-chrioch,
Gu 'm pill sibh gu gàireach 'chur fàilt' oirr' gach anmoch:—
Mo thruaigh! cha bu searbh ach bhi 'falbh uaip' a chaoidh.

A Bhan-righ nan cuan, soraidh bhuan nis o m' chrì leat—
'S an uair 'bhios tu 'd shìneadh 'san ùir fo iochd chàich,
Bi'dh d' ionndrainn gun stàth air na h-àrmuinn nach
dìbreadh,
An àr-fhaich a chaoidh fhad 's robh cinn air an nàmh :
Uair eile, 's gu bràth, soraidh slàn leat, mo dhùthaich !
S ged bheuchdas na cuaintean gu h-uaigh eadar thu 's mi,
Cha teid thu á' m' smuain gus an suain anns an ùir dhomh :
Mo dhùthaich ! mo dhùthaich !"—Sguir Dùghall de
dhàn.

RANNAN

A rinneadh do bhuachaille 'bh'ann am Baile àraidh, air dha gun bhith aona chuid "sona no saoithreach."

A bhuachaille sgìth gun *ròrum*,
A bhuachaille 's brònaich' na 'chuileag !
'Fhir leis nach cinneadh 'm pòr clòidheach,
'S a dh'fhag 's na puill-mhòin' ar cuid mhullag,—
'Fhir air an deach' "uisge nan uibhean"
Fada mu'n deach' uisge d' ainm' ort,
Nam biodh tannasgan aig bràidibh
Cha bu chùis duit siubhal anmoch !

A dheagh charaid nan ceann-simid,
Ged fhaigheadh am fitheach ri bàs thu,
'N deigh na chuir thu 'n car a rùchain
'Bhi ri d' shùilibh gu 'm bu nàr dha ;—

’Fhir ’bha math ris an airc-luachrach,
  Ma ’s ann bhuainn a nis a theid thu,
Bi’dh na muileagan fo mhì-ghean—
  Cha bhi uibhir brìgh ’s na fèith’chan !

Nam b’ e ’m màireach crioch do bheatha
  S iomadh ceith’r-chasach ’bhiodh brònach,
Eadar chon, chat-fhia’ich, a’s thaghan,
  Bhiasda-dubha, agus fhòc’lain ;—
Cha n-’eil gin diubh air do sgàth-sa
  Nach d’ fhuair uair no dhà lan sgròbain,
’S ged nach tigeadh iad gu d’ thìodhlac’,
  Bhiodh gach aon diubh ’sileadh dheòire.

O ! ’fhir a’s luaithe le leathad,
  ’S a’s fhaid’ air deireadh ’n àm dìreadh,
Cha na-ann idir a reir d’ àirde
  ’Chluicheadh tu do spàin aig dìota :
’S tearc, gu cinnteach, ’siubhal chruach thu,
  Ach an corr uair suas a thèid thu,
Cha n-’eil binnein air an gluais thu
  Air nach faicear *Buachaill-bréige !*

ORAN

Air do ******** **** ****** a bhi gu tinn.

Air Fonn,—" Hug och ! mar tha mi 'nochd 's mi 'm aonar," &c.

Bi 'falbh, bi 'falbh ort, a Gheamhraidh ghruamaich !
Air fonn a's cuan geda rinn thu stròichdeadh—
An saogh'l ged spùinn thu gu leir, nan caomhnadh
Tu Rōs mo ghaoil-sa, cha bhithinn brònach.

LUINNEAG.

O, pilleadh slàinte gu h-ealamh 'n fhlùran—
An cailin ùr bha mar bheatha dhōmhsa !
A ghaoil, ma theid thu do 'n leabaidh isil,
Cha 'n fhada 'n tìm gus an laidh mi cōmhl' riut !

A Sheònaid mhìogach, nam bitheadh ìocshlaint
'Am fuil mo chrì, dheanainn duit a dōrtadh ;
Air beul a' bhàis fein gu'n deanainn gàire
Nan b' ann 'ad àite-sa 'bhiodh e 'm leònadh.
O, pilleadh slàinte, &c.

O'n fhuair mi cunntas mo ghaol bhi ciùirte,
Mar chraoibh gun rùsg mi, mar luing gun seòl mi ;
Mar eun 's a' choill mi 'n tràth chi e 'm fìr-eun,
'Sa chèile dìleas 'ga toirt 'na spòig leis !
O, pilleadh slàinte, &c.

Cha toigh leam oidhche,—gach reul 'ni soillse
Bheir iad 'am chuimhne do mheall-shuil mhòdhar,

'S a' ghrian ag eiridh 's ann leagas m' inntinn,
Oir thig e 'm smaointibh, Mar sud bha Seònaid.
O, pilleadh slàinte, &c.

'S tric madainn ghle ghrinn aig latha déurach ;
'Se 'm flùr a's ceutaich' 'nar sealladh 'n còmhnuidh
A's luaithe 'chrìonas,—'s ge cruaidh e 's fìor e—
An cneas a's mìne 's e 's trice 'leònar.
O, pilleadh slàinte, &c.

O Earraich àluinn ! greas, greas le d' bhlàths oirnn ;
O thig gun dàil a's deàn fallain Seònaid ;
Bi'dh againn dà ghrian ma ni thu slàn i ;—
'S gun ise slàn cha bhi 'n t-Earrach bòidheach !
O, pilleadh slàinte, &c.

TÉ BHANAIL NAN GRUAIDH RÒSACH.

AIR FONN,—" 'Ille dhuinn, 's toigh leam thu," &c.

LUINNEAG.

O seinnibh, seinnibh, seinnibh leam,
O seinnibh, seinnibh còmhl' rium,—
O seinnibh cliù do m' leannan-sa,
Té bhanail nan gruaidh ròsach.

O seinnibh 'n uair a chithinn i
A' tighinn ann am chòdhail,
Cho tric 's a thréig mo bhruidhinn mi,
'Sa chinn mo shealladh ceòmhor.
O seinnibh, &c.

O seinnibh 'n uair, le fàilte,
Bhiodh a làmh gheal sìnnte dhōmhsa,
Mar bhiodh mo chridhe bualadh,
'S mi ach beag gu truagh le sòlas.
O seinnibh, &c.

O seinnibh, 'n uair a dhlùth'chinn i
Ri m' chneas, fo' dhūbhradh òg-choill,
Mar dhiultainn muillion Bhénus oirr'—
B' fhearr leam i-féin na 'n còmhlan.
O seinnibh, &c.

O seinnibh, 'n àm bhi sgaradh dhuinn,
Measg gheallaidhnean a's dheòire,
Ri mile saogh'l mar dhealaichinn
G' a gleidheadh, nam biodh dòigh air!
O seinnibh, &c.

O! seinnibh mar a bhuail am bàs
Co luath le 'shaighead Seònaid!
O, guilibh! guilibh! chaochail i,—
'S tha 'n saogh'l 'na neoni dhōmhsa!
O seinnibh, &c.

GLEANNAN NAM FLÚR.

AIR FONN,—" Tha boineid bheag bhiorach air Alasdair garbh," &c.

" O tiugainn," ars' Cailean, " do Ghleannan nam flùr,
Tha gorm-dhearca chean' ann cho tiugh ris an driùchd,
'S an t-suthag 'bheir minic 'am aire do bhilean—
O tiugainn g' an sireadh, O tiugainn, a ruin !"

" C' arson," arsa *Mali*, " nach rachainn do 'n ghleann ?"
'S air falbh thug i oirre le Cailean 'na deann,—
Ged 's tric thu'irt a *mami*, gu bràth fhad 'so dh' fhanadh
E fada bho 'n t-sionnach nach b' eagal do 'n mheann.

" Tha 'n lagan so doilleur, tha 'choille 'n so àrd,
Tha 'n lónan so tioram, gun duine 'san làthair—
Dean suidhe a leannain 'us leigeamaid anail,—
Mar meallta mi 'm bharail tha 'm broilleach sin tlàth."

" A Chailein ! a Chailein ! leig mise air falbh"—
" A *Mhali*, a *Mhali*, b' e sin e, gu dearbh !
Tha rum ann am bhroilleach, a rùin ghil na caraich,
'S gu 'n seinn mi dhuit ceileir nan tulaichean gorm."

A ghruagaichean, fanaibh o leannanachd chluan—
Cha seas choir an teine an eighe fein fuar :—
Ciod thachair 'sa' bharrach cha n-fheud sibh bhi farraid,
Ach goirid 'na dheighe chaidh creathall chur suas !

ROSAN AN LETH-BHAILE.

Air Fonn,—"Mòr, nighean a' Ghiobalain."

Luinneag.

Air fail ithil óro, hugó, c' uime 'n ceilinn e,
Air fail ithil óro, hugó, c' uime 'n ceilinn e,
Gu 'm beil mo shaogh'l mar bhruadar,—'s e 's dual dhomh bhi deireasach
'S mo ghaol air bheagan dòchais air Ròsan an Leth-bhaile.

O, cha n-e cruath's na gaoithe an raoir 'chum o m' chadal mi,
A's idir cha n-è 'm fuachd 'chuir a' gluasad le fadal mi;
'S ann tha cion-fàth mo smuairein 's mo smuaintibh air fad a nis
'N riochd caileige ro bhòidheach tha 'n Còmh'l nan slios badanach.
Air fail, &c.

'Fhir 'thainig thar Loch-fìne, nach innis thu dhomh, guidheam ort—
Am faca tu 'n té bhòidheach a leòn thun a' chridhe mi?
An cuala tu 'n té chaoimhneil a' faighneachd mu m' dheigh-sa?
An d' innis thu mar tha mi,—'s gur bàs dhomh mar feith i rium?
Air fail, &c.

O, beannachd air an ribhinn! beul sios air fear a
charadh i;
Mar nearachd a gheibh làmh rith,'—'bhi uaipe fàth mo
sgaraidh 'n diugh;
Bhuail saighdean geur a gràidh mi—cha d' fhag iad
crioman fallain diom;—
'S an thàinig orm a gaol ceart mar thig air craoibh an
dealanach.
Air fail, &c.

Am fac thu reul na glòmuin 'caoin-dheàrsadh tre neòil
bhainne-gheal?
Mar sud tha meall-shuil m' éudail fo rosga maoth-mhìn
tana-gheal;
Tha cùl nan iomadh fàinneag a nuas m' a bràigh a's
grinne dreach,
Mar ghath na gealaich làn oidhche shamhach air linne
mach.
Air fail, &c.

Nam faiceadh tu cneas rìomhach a cuim is glan
suidheachadh,
Cha b' iongantach leat è ged bu nèamh leam bhi 'luidhe
'n sud;
Tha caoimhneas, gean 'us tròcair 'us neò-chiontachd
'stigh 'an sud;—
'S ann airsan 'bhios an loinn 'gheibh, gun roinn, gaol a'
chridh' tha 'n sud.
Air fail, &c.

Cha n-iongantach mo luaidh-sa bhi suairce, glan, finealta,—
Cha n-ann a measg a' chrìonaich tha 'm freumh o 'n do ghineadh i;—
Tha 'ghéug de stoc a's àirde, 's tha bhlàth air mar chinnich i;
'S ged tha i fhathast uaine, tha 'buain air aire iomadh fear.
Air fail, &c.

Ach cha n-fhaigh h-aon diubh m' uan geal!—Ma 's gaol tha uaipe, 's urrainn mis'
A ceannachadh na's daoire na b' urra 'n saoghal uile 'n diugh,—
'Bhi sodanach 'na sòlas, 'bhi brònach 'n uair is tuireadh dh'i,—
Seadh, fuil mo chridhe 'thaomadh, nam b' e sud féin a h-uireasbhuidh!
Air fail, &c.

'S mi 'n so—gun fhios do chàch cionn—mar shneachd ri blàths a' leaghadh as,—
"Nach iongantach," deir h-aon, "mar tha fear nan dàn a' caitheamh as?"
'Se cagar cuid, "Ghabh sùil e;"—cuid eil', "Tha tùs a' chaothaich air:"—
Ach O! 's e 'n gaol a chràidh mi; 's i 'n Ròs a mhàin mo lighiche.
Air fail, &c.

O, 's truagh nach robh mi 's m' eudail le chéile 'n cois
nam bruthach ud,
Ag iomain spreidh 'sa' mànran fo sgàil nam preasa
dubharach ;—
Gu 'n seinninn d'i mo dhuanag 's gu 'm buaininn d'i na
suthagan,
'S olc, math 's gu 'n tigeadh 'n saogh'l, bhiomaid daonnan
mar na cuthagan !
Air fail, &c.

MO LEANNAN BEAG.

AIR FONN,—" A nighean bhuidh-bhàn nam falbhadh tu leam," &c.

SEIST.

A leannain bhig a' bheoilein bhinn—
A leannain bhig a' bheoilein bhinn—
O Iseabal an or-fhuilt ghrinn,
Gur h-iomadh loinn a chi mi ort.

Chi mi gruaidh mar neoil na fàire,
Lagan beag, 'n uair ni thu gair, innt' ;
Chi mi plath, air leam, de Phàrras
Ann ad bhlàth-shuil mhiogaich, ghuirm.

Chi mi uchd mar uchd na faoilinn—
Uchd a ghrinneis, uchd a ghaoil e ;
Cha n-fhaic mi 'n sud pris na leige
Nach bi m' eud 's mo mhiothlachd rith' !
A leannain bhig, &c.

Chi mi muinneal mar an grian-ghath
'Laidheas air an t-sneachd 'sa' chriathraich;
Mar shreath neoinean do dheud ciatach,
  Dluth, geal, rianail, dionach, cruinn.
    A leannain, &c.

Chi mi mìn-bhas nam meur slatach,
Chi mi cùl nan camag daite,
'S iad mar shruthain de 'n òr leaghte,
  Sios gu d' chrios 'nam mìlte cuairt.
    A leannain, &c.

Chi mi—ged is ann air éiginn—
Dà chiuin-mhal' air sneachd-chlar d' eudainn,
'S dreach an ròis fo dhriuchd a Chéitein,
  Air do bheulan mìn-bhriathrach.
    A leannain, &c.

Chi mi thu mar chraoibh 'sa' ghàradh,—
Gach aon mheanglan d'i fo bhlàth tiugh,
Driuchd nan speur a' tearnadh tlàth oirr',
  'S eoin 'na bàrr gu sior a' seinn.
    A leannain, &c.

RANNAN.

Air Taillear a's Greusaich a bh' ann an Iochdar Chomhail, a thog orra dh' iasgach an Sgadain, 's gun sgil ac' air.

Air Fonn,—" Diridh mi 'tearnaidh mi 'n cruadal," &c.

Luinneag.

Och a's ochain, mo thùrsa!
'S mor tha 'n saogh'l 'dol á 'chùrsa;
Amhsain threun a' toirt sùith orr',
'S coilich-dhùnain 'toirt cuain orr'.

'S iomadh car 'thig air daoine
Eadar creathall 'us caochladh;
Nì cha n-fhoghainn, 'san t-saogh'l so,
Ach muir réidh do luchd-fuaigheal!
Och a's ochain, &c.

Ars' am minidh, 's e 'dùsgadh,
" Co bhíodh 'g obair measg ùillidh?"
Fhreagair snath'dag 'an cùil e—
" Cha n-e 'n *clùdadh* 's mò buannachd!"
Och a's ochain, &c.

'S thug iad mionnan le chéile
Gu 'm b'e 'mharachd an t-aon nì;—
Fhuair iad sgoth air lòn, sgreubhte,
'S chuir iad spéideil gu cuan i.
Och a's ochain, &c.

Seall a nis air a' chàraid
'Cur a h-uidheam 'an àird rith';—
'S ann theap *Neptune* fein sgàineadh,
'Cur ri gàir'chdaich 'san uair orr'.
Och a's ochain, &c.

Faic a nis i f'a h-éideadh,
'S iad a' cag'raich r'a chéile,—
"O, nach breagh i! nach treun i!
Heth! a dhaoine, nach luath i!"
Och a's ochain, &c.

Ach 'n uair dh' éirich muir dhū-ghlas
Chaidh a' bhòilich air chùl clis,
'S thuirt am minidh—"B' fhearr dùbailt
'Bhi aig dùnan 'san uair so!"
Och a's ochain, &c.

'S mar bha 'n taoim 'dol an airdead
B' è sud guileag na snàth'daig—
"A mhinidh dhuibh, tha mo bhàs ort!
Chaoidh cha bhàiteadh aig luath mi."
Och a's ochain, &c.

Ciod an stàth dhomh 'bhi 'g innseadh
Mar a theap iad a lionadh—
Mar a theich iad gu tìr leath'—
'S mar a phill iad ri 'm fuaigheal!
Och a's ochain, &c.

NA H-ÒIGHEAN.

AIR FONN,—"Clachan Ghlinn-daruaile," &c.

LUINNEAG.

'Bhi daonnan, daonnan maille ri
Pòr lurach nan gruaidh ròsach—
'Bhi comhla riuth', 's a' faighinn gaoil uap'
Thar gach nì thoir dhōmhsa.

Air falbh le urram, uaisl' a's stràic,
Air falbh le càrnadh stòrais!
Air falbh le 'h-uile ni uam fhéin
Ach gean 'us gaol nan òighean!
'Bhi daonnan, &c.

Am beil thu 'n so a riamh nach d' fheuch
Ciod è is blas d' am pògan?
Ma tha, gabh dachaidh thun do mhàth'r,—
Cliabh-beag, gun dàil, a's còt' ort!
'Bhi daonnan, &c.

Mu 'n gann a dh' fhag mi féin an glùn.
Rinn buinneag dhiùbh mo leònadh;
Mu 'm b' eòl domh làmh dheas seach làmh chli,
Cha n-fhaighinn sìth ach comhl' riuth.
'Bhi daonnan, &c.

Ni 'n gaol an duine caothaich ciùin,
An luirist ni e spòrsail;

An saogh'ltach ma bhios idir suairc,
'S ann mar ri gruagaich bhòidhich.
'Bhi daonnan, &c.

An gille caoin 'bheir glaine 's gaol,
Gheibh e de 'n t-saogh'l na dh' fhoghnas;
'S ann cridhe crion, gun taing d'a strì,
Bi'dh gainne 's dìth 'an toir air.
'Bhi daonnan, &c.

RANNAN CUMHAIDH,

Air cluinntinn gun do chaochail ******** *** ******.

Och, mo chridhe! ciod e 'n ceòlan
'Dh'fhuadaicheas dubh-nèoil do chraidh-sa?
Cha n-e fonn nam feadan gleusach,
No ceòl theud an diugh mi stàth dhuit!

'N uair tha 'n sruth bu shunndaich' mànran
Gus an deur ma dheir' air traoghadh;
'N uair tha Geug na Fìrinn geàrrte,
'S Dùil gu suthainn bàit' 'am chré-sa—

'N uair tha Reul na Mais' air triall bhuainn;
'N uair a dhubhadh Grian an t-Suairceis—
'N uair tha 'n cridhe 'bh' anns a' chliabh so,
Air an làr, gun mhiann air gluasad;—

'N uair 'se urlar fliuch na h-uaighe.
Th' aig mo luaidh mar leaba-phòsaidh—

'N uair 'se 'm bàs fear-bainnse m' uain-se,
  Co nach sileadh cuan de dheòiribh?

A Bhàis! an do shaoil thu nach b' eòl domh
  Gu leòir dhe d' ainiochd roi' 'n uair so,
'S gu ruigeadh tu leas tuille còmhdaich
  'Thoirt dhomh air, le Seònaid a bhualadh?

Nam b' eól duit gach buaidh a bh' air m' eudail,
  'S mo staid-sa,—ge h-eutrom do thròcair,
Gur dearbh leam, an deigh dhuit a reubadh,
  Gu 'n sileadh tu féin na deoire.

Ciod e dhomhsa teachd an Earraich?
  Dhi-ch'nich m' uiseag-sa 'bhi ceòlmhor;
Bhrist an doinionn geug mo shùgraidh—
  'Mhill an reotha flùr mo shòlais!

Faodaidh 'n eala, faodaidh 'n smeòrach,
  Faodaidh 'n ròs a nis bhi uaibhreach;
Deanadh grian na Maidne sòlas—
  Cha toir Seònaid tuille buaidh orr'.

C' àit 'eil sibhs'—a luchd an tuaileis?
  Deanaibh uaill,—nach tric, gu diamhain,
B' àill leibh m' eudail dheanadh fuar rium?
  Feuch mar d' fhuair sibh 'nochd ur n-iarrtas!

Aig an oidhche 's fliuich' tha rionnag,
  Tha grian aig an latha 's gruamaich';
'S cha bhi 'n geamhradh daonnan fionnar,
  Ged tha m' aimheal-sa gu h-uaighe.

Ann an snathainn na Beatha truaigh so
  Tha deich tuaitheal mar aon réidh-char;
'S far am b' ionmhuinne leinn buan e,
  'S ann a's luaith', gu tric, a ghéilleas.

'S minic gur i 'chraobh a's grinne
  A ni 'n dealanach a stròiceadh;
S minic gur e 'n t-eun a's binne
  A ni 'n t-seobhag nimh a leònadh :—

'N ròs a's grinne dath 'sa' ghàradh
  'Se gun dàil a theid a ghlacadh;
'S, och nan och! an cridhe 's blàithe
  'Se 's luaith' 'chairear fo na leachdaibh!

Co b' e 'thuirt riut "Tìr na Dí-chuimhn',"
  'Uaighe dhubh! cha b' fhìrinn dhà sud;
Iadsan a bheir luchd an gaoil duit,
  Tìr an *cuimhn'* thu,—tìr an cràidh thu!

C' uime, 'Sheonaid, rinn thu m' fhàgail?
  Riamh cha b' àill leat mi bhi tùrsach;
C' uime 'n sud dh' fhag iad thu 'd ònar,
  'S rum gu leòir do d' leannan dlùth ort?

Ma tha cead, a ruin, aig spioraid
  Comunn 'chumail ri neach saogh'lta,
Biosa tric a' tigh'n gu d' leannan—
  Bi'dh do thannasg féin leis gaolach!

Innis dhomh, 'n tràth bhios mo dheòire
  Os ceann d' fhòid ro throm a' sileadh—

Innis dhomh, ged robh na 's leòir ann,
Nach 'eil Seònaid 'an sud uile.

Innis dhomh gu 'm beil i 'deàlradh
'N tìr an aigh, os ceann na greine;
'S nach 'eil aingeal ann am Pàrras
A bheir bàrr air maise m' eudail!—

Innis dhomh an deigh sud uile,
Ged tha ì 'am meadhonn suaimhneis,
Nach do leig i mis' air dì-chuimhn',—
'S gu 'm bu toigh leath' mì 'bhi shuas leath'.

Tha mi 'tighinn, aingil ghràdhaich!
'S cinnteach mi, nan deanadh maitheas
Aon neach tuille 's h-aon a shàbhladh,
Air do sgàth gu 'm faighinn flaitheas!

MÒRAG.

Air Fonn,—"**Hithill uthill agus ò, hithill ò horiunnan,**" &c.

Luinneag.

'S toigh leam, 's toigh leam, 'stoigh leam féin—
'S toigh leam féin Mòrag O,
'S toigh leam, 's toigh leam, 's toigh leam féin—
'S toigh leam féin Mòrag O,
'S toigh leam, 's toigh leam, 's toigh leam féin
Grian mo ghaoil, Mòrag O,—
'S toigh leam féin reul nam buadh,
'S tric 'am shuain comhl' rith' mi.

Cha n-e 'n sneachd air a' mhullach,
'S grian an Earraich a' deàlradh air—
Cha n-e neòinean na dalach—
'S cha n-i 'n eala, ge h-àluinn i,
'Chuirinn mionaid 'an coimeas
Ris an ainnir so 'sharaich mi;
'S i mar bhith bho na speuraibh—
Sluagh 'g an léireadh le h-àillealachd.

Sluagh 'g an léireadh le 'h-àilleachd—
Cha n-e àilleachd a snuadh a mhain;—
'Se fior ghrinnead a mànrain,
'S a ro mheud 's tha de 'n uan 'na mèinn,
A las teine 'nam chrì-sa,
'S a mheall mi gu gaol buan thoirt dh'i;
Bi'bh a' bruithinn m' ur Bhenus—
Lamh ri m' eudail bu shuarach i!

'Fhir à ruigeas am bail' ud,
  Bi 'n ad earail ro' m' rùn geal-sa,
Té nam mìn-ghlac a's gile
  Na sneachd-beinne na h-aon oiche;
Le 'cùl lìn, 'sa caol-mhala,
  Crom, mar ghealaich as ùr 'teachd oirnn.
O ! tha draoigheachd 'na gàire,
  'S dallaidh dealradh a sùilean thu !
      'S toigh leam, &c.

Bhuineadh sud do mo ghaol-sa,
  Aigne aobhach na smeoraiche—
Guth an lon-duibh 'sa cheitean—
  Geal-dheud réidh 'am beul ròs-bhileach ;—
'M beul a b' fhearr na bhi 'm rìgh leam
  Bhi os n-ìosal a' pògadh tric ;
Mar bi buil air sud tràthail
  'S e gur tàmh dhomh gun deò fo 'n lic.
      'S toigh leam, &c.

Ach air feothas do phògan
  O cha n-iad tha mi 'sanntachadh,
'Se do chridhe bhi blàth rium,
  'Ainnir ghràdhach, a b' annsa leam ;
'S geda gheibhinnse 'm màireach
  Muillion òir 'us nighean prionnsa leis,
Naile b' fhearr leam deich mìl' uair
  Nighean cìbeir nam beannta fraoich.
      'S toigh leam, &c.

'S truagh nach robh mis' 'us m' eudail
'An gleann braonach a' mhìslein thiugh,
'Togail moch leis an sprèidh leath',
Gun bhi 'tearnadh gu h-oiche dhubh ;—
Cha robh 'chàraid 'bha 'n Eden
Riamh cho aobhach 'sa bhi'mid ann,
Gach aon mhionaid ri sùgradh—
Fàth mo dhiùbhail nach b' fhìor e 'n diugh !
'S toigh leam, &c.

B' e 'bhi 'tionndadh na tuile,
No 'toirt eighe 'san òg-mhios oirr',
Bhi 'cur eadar mi 's m' ulaidh,
'S i-fein toileach 'bhi còmhla rium ;
'S ged robh naimhdean 'am falach
An diugh 'cumail mo shòlais uam,
Cha n-'eil cumhachd air thalamh
'Ghleidheas *Sali* an còmhnuidh uam.
'S toigh leam, &c.

ÒRAN

AIR FONN,—"Air fàilirinn, illirinn, uillirinn, O, 's mi caoidh!" &c.

'S FAD' o'n chuala mi 'n aithris
  "Nach call na gheibh caraid" gu bràth ;
Ach co b' e thuirt an tùs e
  'S ann 'na chadal bha 'n t-ùmaidh gun bhàigh ;
'S mise bheireadh mo mhionnan
  Nach do chaill e riamh cailinn a ghràidh ;
Nam biodh m' eudail-s' a dhìth air,
  B' fhearr leis dearg-fhuil a chrì bhi aig càch.

LUINNEAG.

Seinn fàillirinn, uillirinn,
Ochorinn O, co 'shaoil ?
Mar 'eil cairdeas 's a' Mhalairt
'S cinnteach mi nach 'eil idir 'sa' Ghaol.

An tràth bhitheas an uiseag
  Anns na speuraibh gu luinneagach shuas,
'S tric a thig an t-eun coimheach,
  'S gu mi-nàdurra laidhidh 'na cuaich ;
'S ionnan sud a's mar dh'éirich
  Dhómh-sa,—'n deaghaidh gach gaoil thug 'sa fhuair,
Tha mo nead air a h-àiteach',
  'S mar b' e sud toil mo ghràidh, cha bu chruaidh.
Seinn, &c.

Nam b' fhear coimheach, gun fhios dha,
  Rinn mo choire, cha n-fhosglainn mo bheul;
Ach mo charaid, a's fios aig
  Gu 'n ro' 'm broilleach so luchdaicht' le gaol—
'M fear a shaoil mi nach dùraicheadh
  Séangan a chiùradh f'a cheum!
Ach, fo 'n chòinneich a's tlàithe
  'S tric an nathair a's bàsmhoire beum.
                Seinn, &c.

Tha cùl cam-bhuidh mo leannain-s'
  Mar gu b' ann air a thumadh 'an òr,
'S e m' a slinneinibh rùisgte,
  Mar ghath-gealaich air ùr-shneachd an lòin;
Pearsa loinneil, gun fhiaradh,
  Air an fheur cha bu mhiapaidh a lod;
Gnuis mar ghrian-eiridh Céitein,
  'N uair bhios an iarmailt gu léir air dath 'n ròis!
                Seinn, &c.

Gnuis nam meall-shùil a's guirme—
  'S òg a dh' amais iad calg 'chur 'am chrì;
Gnuis nan ruiteag a's deirge
  Na 'n fhuil bhlàth air sneachd meanbh-gheal na frìth';
'N uair a sheinneadh tu 'n luinneag,
  Dh 'fheudadh còisir na coille bhi bìth;
O! cha tig o laimh Nàduir
  Tuille coimeas bean bhàn nam bas mìn!
                Seinn, &c.

'N uair bha m' aithne 'an tùs ort,
  'Oigh 'las teine do-mhùchaidh 'n am chré,

Bu tu 'n t-uan ann ad nàdur—
B' fhada 'n sionnach, a ghràigh ghil, o d' bheus;
Ach a nis, o'na fhuair e
'Bhi le shotal a' gluasad ri d' thaobh,
'S gann gu 'n tugainn mo ghealladh
Nach cinn m' uan air aon tearradh ris fein.
Seinn, &c.

'Fhir tha 'n tràsa le m' leannan,
Cha n-e d-òr no do thoinisg 'mheall ì;
'S ann tha thu ann an comain
Luchd nam breug, airson stuth ach a spìd;
'S nam biodh aithne aig m' eudail
Air a' mhuillion' cuid gaoil 's thug mi dh'ì,
B' fhearr leath fanachd 'an uaimh leam
Na bhi leatsa 'n cùirt uaibhreach an Rìgh.
Seinn, &c.

TAOBH LOCH-FÌNE.

AIR FONN,—" Thug mi 'n oiche 'n raoir 'san àiridh," &c.

LUINNEAG.

'Iseabal, an tig thu 'n Ghàeldachd ?
'Iseabal, an tig thu 'n Ghàeldachd ?
Tiugainn leam gu Taobh Loch-fìne,
'S cha chuis caoidh dhuit, so mo làmh dhuit.

Tiugainn, tiugainn, ainnir bhòidheach !
Tiugainn leam do thìr nan òran—
Tìr na h-iolair' 's an daimh-chròice,
Fearann bòidheach nam beann àrda.
'Iseabal, &c.

Thain' an Samhradh buidhe, braonach,
Tha na h-uillt' air dol nan caochain,
Eoin a' seinn 'am bàrr gach gèige,
Muir 'us speuran dhuit mar sgàthan !
'Iseabal, &c.

Thig, 'us cluinnidh tu mu 'n ghlòmuin—
Cha-n e gleadhraich chlag 'us òrd, ach
Srann an t-seillein, coirioll smeòraich,
'S coimh-sheirm òg-bhan air gach àiridh.
'Iseabal, &c.

Anns a' mhaduinn, 'n uair thig àm dhuinn
Dusgadh, bheir an coileach rann duinn,—
Seinnidh 'n uiseag 'thogail fonn oirnn,
'S cuthag air gach tom 'cur fàilt oirnn.
'Iseabal, &c.

'S 'nuair bhios grian 'an àird' a cùrsa
'Tional dhearc dhuinn feadh nan dlùth-phreas,
Togaidh 'n calman-coill' ar sùgradh,
'S e 'toirt pùig d' a leannan sgàthach.
'Iseabal, &c.

Thig ar lòn duinn as an fhairge—
Gheibh sinn pàirt deth as a' gharbhlaich ;
'S cha bhi fear nan lannan airgid,
'N uair bhios morghath 'm lamhan, sàbhailt,
'Iseabal, &c.

'N uair tha 'm fraoch 'an sud fo ùr-bhlàth,
Dearg, ceart mar gu 'm biodh fuil-dhriùchd air—
Mil a's bainne mar am būrn ann,
Co measg Dhù'-ghall dh' fhanadh là, ghaoil ?
'Iseabal, &c.

TUIREADH A CHLÀRSAIR.

(Rinneadh an dàn so air do 'n Ughdair bhi air bheul dol a dh' America mar ri 'mhuinntir, a chaidh 'n sin 'sa' bhliadhna 1830.)

AIR FONN,—" Fear a' bhàta," &c.

LUINNEAG.

Hugorinn ù o na hù o éile
Hugorinn ù o na hù o éile
Hugorinn ù o na hù o éile.
'Se fàth mo thùrsa, mo Dhù'ich, do thrèigsinn.

A thìr na clàrsaich! ged nach 'eil mòr-mheas
Nis air a fuaimibh, gu'm buail mi deònach
I aon uair eile, le sileadh dheòire;—
C' uim' 'shaoileadh càch gur cion gràidh chuir Eògh'n uait?
Hugorinn ùo, &c.

Cion gràidh? mo leònadh! Ochòin nach b' fhìor sud,
Cha bhiodh mo gruaidh 'n diugh 'dol uait cho fìor-fhliuch,
An osnadh luchdmhor so b' fhasa chìosnach',
'S cha b' uaigh gu léir leam tìr chéin nan Inns'nach!
Hugorinn, ùo, &c.

Ach thainig muthadh air Dù'ich nam Beannta,
'S comh-ionann brìgh nis do Cheannard *'s Ainneart*;

Mo thùir na piob'reachd 's nan laochraidh b' annsa,
Tha 'n t-uan a's *mèè* aig', 'sa mhàthair air *sentry*.
Hugorinn ùo, &c.

C' àit' 'eil na féigh? chaidh gu léir cur as doibh,
Bochd ruadh no earb cha taobh learg no leachduinn;
On thain' an t-ainmhidh do 'n ainm am *factor*,
Mheath 'h-uile nì ach e féin 's am bragsaidh!
Hugorinn ùo, &c.

Nam biodh tu 'tighinn uair eile, 'Theàrlaich,
'S na glinn 'san d' fhuair thu fir chruaidh gun àireamh,
Cha n-fhaiceadh tù ach corr dhū-ghall grànnda,
'S "a' bhrigis lachdunn" airson *glas-mhàis* air.
Hugorinn ùo, &c.

Gach sionnach sgriobh'dair do 'n ceaird na breugan—
Gach cìsear 's càin-mhaor th'air sàil an tréibh ud,
Cha mhòr is fhearr iad, 'am pàirt a cheile,
Do m' dhù'ich na bha a cuid phlàigh do 'n Eiphit.
Hugorinn ùo, &c.

A thìr mo ghaoil! leis gach caochladh cruaidh ud,
'Nan deigh gu leir, tha na ceudan buaidh ort;
'S ged dheantadh mì air tìr chéin 'am uachd'ran,
Cha sguir mi chaoidh do bhi 'caoidh nam fuar-bheann.
Hugorinn ùo, &c.

O beannachd mìl' uair le tìr àn t-sonais—
Le Taobh Loch-fìne nan rìbhinn banail!
Tha 'n long f'a siùil 'bheir mi 'dhù'ich na Coille,
'S "cha till, cha till, O, cha till *mi* tuille"!
Hugorinn ùo, &c.

MAIREARAD.

AIR FONN,—"Up an' war them a', Willie."

LUINNEAG.

Seinn, O 's cannach, O 's cannach,
O 's cannach Mairearad;
Seinn, O 's cannach Reul nan ainnir,
Leug mo ghonaidh, Mairearad.

A Mhairearad bhàn chaoin, 'se do ghaol, ghaol, ghaol,
Tha mar fhuil mo chléibh, gu dearbh, dhomh;
Mar a' ghrian ud do'n lò, mar an dèo, 'n deò, 'n deò,
'S ann mar sud tha dhōmhsa Mairearad.
Seinn O 's cannach, &c.

Cha n-e gaol o 'n là dé thug mi fein, fein, fein,
'S ann a thòisich e 's mi 'm bhalachan;
Mu'n gann dh'fhag thu a' chìoch bheirinn rìochd, rìochd, rìochd
Air son cinnt' gu 'm faighinn Mairearad.
Seinn O 's cannach, &c.

Cha n-'eil leug, a's cha bhi, 'an crùn righ, righ, righ.
Cha n-'eil reultag, a chi mi 'n gorm-bhrat'
Na speur fheasgair, 'ni deàrsadh gu bràth, bràth, bràth,
Leth cho grinn ri sùil bhlàth-ghorm Mairearad.
Seinn O 's cannach, &c.

Ged tha 'n eal' air an t-snàmh mach leibh bàn, bàn,
bàn,
Ged is geal leibh càir nam barra-thonn,
Ged is soilleur an gruth, bhiodh iad dubh, dubh, dubh
Leibh, nam faiceadh sibh cruth mo Mhairearad.
Seinn O 's cannach, &c.

Tha 'beul binn mar shuth-craoibh abuich, maoth, maoth,
maoth,
Tha 'gruaidh mar an caorann dearg, sìth,
No mar rughadh nan speur madainn Chéit, Cheit, Chéit—
S ann ri 'n aiteam féin chaidh Mairearad.
Seinn O 's cannach, &c.

Geda gheibhinns' o 'n chléir còir gu léir, léir, léir
Air nighean prionns' 's a bùchd de 'n dearg òr,
'S geda chuireadh iad mi 'n cathair rìgh, rìgh, rìgh,
Chuirinn cùl riuth' airson Mairearad.
Seinn O 's cannach, &c.

'N uair ni 'n t-uanan beag tàir air bhi blàth, blàth,
blàth,
'N uair a theicheas cù romh earbaig,
'N uair theid iasg anns an lìon le thoil fhìn, fhìn, fhìn,
An sin theid a' m' chuimhn'-sa Mairearad.
Seinn O 's cannach, &c.

DUANAG.

Air Fonn,—" A thé sin air am beil mi 'n geall," &c.

Luinneag.

Guma slàn do 'n ribhinn òig
O'n tric fhuair mi 'm chadal pòg,
Nam biodh i co ghrinn 'san lò,
B' fhearr gu mòr sud na 'bhi 'm Rìgh.

'Fhir a theid a sios an Caol,
Bheir mo shoraidh-sa gu m' ghaol,
Ainnir ghrinn nam meall-shuil caoin—
Rinn a ceutachd mise chlaoidh.
Guma slàn, &c.

Cha n-e 'stòras cha n-e h-uaisl',
Cha n-e 'n òige tha 'na snuadh,
Ach an nàire tha 'na gruaidh,
Bheir dh'i buaidh ghrad air gach cridh'.
Guma slàn, &c.

Tha mo chri-sa aice 'n sàs,
Leam cha n-aireach geda tha,—
Bheirinn iad dh' i uile slàn
Ged robh agam dhà no trì.
Guma slàn, &c.

'S gile m' eudail-sa na 'n t-uan,
'S i co neo-chiontach 'na smuain ;

B' fhearr leam cadal leatha 'n uaimh
Na bhi shuas le nighean rìgh.
Guma slàn, &c.

Nam bu mhise 'n fhaoileag bhàn
Chi mi 'n sud 'an cois na tragh',
'S mi nach fanadh 'an so là
Uaip' air àirdead 's gu 'm biodh sìd.
Guma slàn, &c.

Thugaibh rìochdan do Mheud-mhòr,
Faigheadh Crìonnachd tulach òir,
Thugaibh dhomhsa ulaidh 's mō—
Sìne bhòidheach an fhuilt lìn!
Guma slàn, &c.

GLEANN-DARUAILE.

AIR FONN,—" Mali bheag O."

Tha 'n Samhr' air tigh'n lè òrain
A nis do Ghleann-daruail,
Tha 'chuthag 'goirsinn, spòrsail,
'An coille Ghlinn-daruail;
Tha 'n uiseag 'us an smeòrach
A' seinn o mhoch gu glòmuin,
'S Mactalla 'freagairt, deònach,
Dhoibh uile 'n Ghleann-daruail.

O, 's lusanach na raointean
A nis 'an Gleann-daruail,
Deich muillion flùran éibhinn
'Cur mais' air Gleann-daruail
O Eilidh ! nis nach teid thu
Do 'n ghleann 'sam bi na h-éildean—
'S am binne nuallan spréidhe?
O thig do Ghleann-daruail.

Tha 'n t-suthag mar na fìogais
A 'cinn 'an Gleann-daruail;
Gach seòrsa dhearc a's mìlse
Gheibh sinn 'an Gleann-daruail—
Sruth fallain bho gach sìthean,—
Driuchd meala bho gach dìthean,—
Bhiodh Eden ùr seach nì ann
Nam biodh tu 'n Ghleann-daruail.

'N uair bhios bàird bheag nan geuga,
Gu moch, 'an Gleann-daruail,
'Cur fàilt air Mac nan Speura
Le gean 'an Gleann-daruail,
Gu cumanach, cruinn, eibhinn,
Gu luinneagach, ait, gle-bhinn
Bi'dh sùrd air bleodhann spréidh aig
Mo rùn, 'an Gleann-daruail.

Bi'dh mise 'n sin gu dàicheil
Feadh monadh Ghlinn-daruail,
Bi'dh mac na h-éilde sàraicht'
Air monadh Ghlinn-daruail;
Bi'dh coileach-dubh na dùrdail
Fo m' sgè tigh'n dachaidh, ciùirte,
'S am bòrd le h-aoidh 'ga chùirneach'
Aig m' Eilidh 'n Gleann-daruail.

Air leam gu'm faic mi crùint' thu,
Ma thig thu 'Ghleann-daruail,
Le coron lilidh 's ùr-ròs,
'Rinn mise 'n Gleann-daruail,
Na gruagaichean a's àille
A 'caoidh mar thug thù bàrr orr,
'S a seinn le eud "Tha Ban-righ
A nis 'an Gleann-daruail!"

'Nuair sgaoileas, mall, a' ghlòmuin
A sgiath thar Gleann-daruail,
'S a laidheas tosd air òg-choill
Nan eun, 'an Gleann-daruail,

Gu'n toir sinn cneas a chéil' oirnn—
Ged b' ann air beithe, 'ghaoil, duinn,
Cha cheannaicheadh deich saoghail uam
  Thu 'n sin 'an Gleann-daruail!

AN RÒS.

Chunnacas leam ròs a' fàs
Maiseach, ùr, fo dhriùchd a' Mhàigh—
'S dearbht', ars' mi, nach bean gu bràth
  Dad do bhlàth cho bòidheach!
Chaidh mi seachad là 'na dhéigh,
Chaidh a phabadh leis a' ghaoith—
Ceann ri leathad air, a' caoidh,
  'S beacha breun 'ga ròspadh.

'Oigh a's aingealaiche snuadh,
Faic 'san ròs do choimeas truagh;
'S ceart co deas tha d' iomadh buaidh
  'Thogail fuath ri gràdh dhuit;—
'S mar an nathair anns an tom,
Thoir ceum mearachd, 's tha Cùl-chainnt
Deas gu d' bhruthadh—'s Mì-run lom
  Togaidh fonn do nàire.

AN CAILIN 'GHAID MO CHRI.

AIR FONN,—" S mithich dhomhsa toiseachadh a's oran chur an céill," &c.

'An gleannan nan sruth luaineach
'S mi 'gabhail cuairt an raoir,
Bha 'n spréidh tuigh mu gach buaile,
Bha 'n tuath'nach 'sgur d'a shaoth'ir
'N uair thachair caileag mhàld' orm—
Thuirt mi, 'nuair bha i teann,
" Cia as tha 'm flùr 'dh' fhas bòidheach?"
'S ann chrom an òigh a ceann.

Bha 'sùil air dath nan dearcag,
Bha 'falt air dreach an òir;
Bha 'muinneal mar shneachd mìn, geal,
'Ga chur air sìthean, fòil;
Bha 'gruaidh mar uachdar bainne
Air an laidheadh duilleag ròis,
A's gu 'n aithnichinn air a bileachan
Gu robh a' mhil d' an còir!

"Mo lilidh, 's math leam d' fhaicinn—
  C' arson a bhiodh ort nàir'?
An d' thain' thu fad' air astar?
  No c' àit' am beil thu 'tàmh?"
Le crith-ghuth milis, banail,
  Agus riuteag 'tigh'n 'na gruaidh,
Fhreagair i, "S ann tha mi 'fanachd
  Comhl' ri m' *mhami* 'an so shuas."

"Mo bheannachd air a' mhàthair sin,
  Nach b' fhearr leat bhi leam fhein?
Mo bheannachd air an là sin
  'S ann d' rugadh òigh co chaoin!
"Mo bheannachd air do bheul beag—
  Mar nearchd a gheibh 'phòg,
A's ri m' bheatha bheir mi cliù ort
  Ma bheir thu aon té dhómhs'."

Fhuair mi cead a h-aon uair',
  Chuir mi trì dhiùbh ris—
"Tha mo mhath'ir a' glaothaich orm!—
  O mi! leig dhomh as."
"Aon té eile, 'ghaolaich"—
  "Cha toir" bha 'beul ag ràdh
Ged 's math dh' innis a dà shùil dhomh
  Gu'n tugadh h-aon no dhà!

Gheall mi dh'i 'bhi dìleas,
  Gheall mi rith' 'bhi caoin;

Gheall mi dh'i da rìreadh
Tigh'n a nìos di-haoin';—
Cha n-fhios domh cia mar dhealaich sinn,
Ach cinnidh coill' air cuan,
Fasaidh ròsan air an sgitheach
Mu'n leig mis' as m' aire 'n t-uan.

MO RÒSAN.

Air Fonn,—"Hi rì rì 's ho raill ò, Monighean donn a's bòidhche."

Luinneag.

Thogainn, thogainn, thogainn fonn,
Thogainn ceileir gun bhi trom—
Bhithinn mar eun beag 'an tom
Nam faighinn leam mo Ròsan.

'Fhir a chualadh 'n spìdeag réidh
'Seinn do 'n ghealaich air a ghéig,
Chual' thu samhuil guth a bhéil
Bu mhiann leam féin bhi 'pògadh.
Thogainn, thogainn, &c.

Dean de 'n ròs a's deirge snuadh
Duilleag 'chur air sneachd an stuaigh
'S gheibh thu dìreach dreach a gruaidh,
An ainnir shuairc a leòn mi.
Thogainn, thogainn, &c.

An tonn-coire 's gile bàrr,
An tom canaich anns a chàth'r,
An cur sneachd mu 'n ruig e 'n làr,
O 's dubh seach bràigh na h-òigh ghrinn,
Thogainn, thogainn, &c.

'N tug thu 'n aire 'n dealt air feur—
'M fac' thu faileasan nan reul
'Deàlradh air gorm-uchd a' Chaoil,
'Sa meall-shuil chaoin nach eòl duit?
Thogainn, thogainn, &c.

'S beag, a sheillein, 's beag is fiach
Blas do mheala lamh r'a bial,
'S am Bogh-froise cha n-'eil briagh
An coimeas fiamh a h-òr-fhuilt!
Thogainn, thogainn, &c.

ÒRAN.

Air Fonn,—"Sweet Gradh geal mo chri."

Teich, a Shamhraidh, le d' àilleachd—
   Dh' fhalbh an là 'sam bu mhò
Leamsa caithream na fàs-choill,
   No trusgan blàthmhor nan lòn ;
Ciod e tuille fuaim dàin dhomh—
   Ciod e fàit' air gnuis òigh,
'S ise 'mhain 'bheireadh slàint' dhomh
   Nis aig càch—'s cha b' i 'chòir !

'S i mo Lorma bhàn àluinn
   'Dh' fhag an tràsa mi brùit' ;—
'N uair a b' aithne dhomh 'n tòs i,
   O ! b' i Ròs nam ban ùr ;
Ach 'am madainn a boidhche—
   'N uair a b' òirdheirce 'm flùr,
Ghaid fear eile gu seòlt e,
   'S dh' fhag e dhōmhsa 'm preas rùisgt'

'Oigh nam meall-shùilean caoimhneil,
   'S òg a thoill thu mo ghràdh ;
Ann an comunn nam maighdean
   Bu tu 'n daoimean thar càch ;
'S iomad, 's iomad ban-òighre
   'Bhiodh gun fhaighneachd 'nad làthair ;
Och, mo chridhe ! gun d' fhaotainn,
   Cia mar 's dùth dha bhi slàn ?

Cia mar bhitheas mi fallain ?
  Tha gach sonas ri m' bheò
Air mo threigsinn gu buileach
  Mar ri bean a' chùil òir,—
Bean a' bhéil air dath 'n ùr-ròis
  Ri madainn dhriùchd —'s ann bu cheòl
Còmhradh cumanta 'bhéil sin—
  Mo chreach 'bhi dhìth a cuid phòg !

Nam b' ùr ghallan òg uasal,
  'Gan robh suairceas 'us cliù,
Bheireadh gaol dhuit, 'us buaidh ort,
  B' fhada bhuamsa bhiodh tnùth ;
Ach bhi 'm broilleach fuar seann-duin'
  Gun ghaol, gun inntinn, gun lùgh—
B' e sud dìreach an iath-shlat
  'Bhi dlùth a' sniamh mu stoc rùisgt' !

Ged ro' 'shoitheach air sàile,
  Ged ro' 'spréidh air gach cluain,
Faodaidh 'chrì bhi mar stàiliun,
  Faodaidh 'chànran bhi buan ;
Faod aidh osnaidhean gle thric
  A bhi 'reubadh cneas m' uain ;
'S cha bhi mise air dì-chuimhn'
  An là bhios deur air a gruaidh !

NA CAILEAGAN.

AIR FONN.—"Hilù hilo hilorinnan," &c.

LUINNEAG.

Gur toigh leam féin na Caileagan,
Gur toigh leam féin na Caileagan,
Gur toigh leam féin na h-òighean caoin
Ge tric a theum 'sa char iad mi.

Gur toigh leam féin na h-òighean ciùin—
Cha dean ach brùidean talach orr';
'N an comunn grinn gach uair gheibh mì,
Tha rìghrean lom, bochd, fala', 'm bheachd.
Gur toigh, &c.

Air té a's té dhiubh bha mi 'n déidh,
Thug h-aon 'us h-aon dhiu' 'n car asam;
Ma dh' ìnnseas mi an fhìrinn réidh
'S tric rinn mi 'n t-aon nì orrasan.
Gur toigh, &c.

Am fear nach briseadh croinn 'us cailbh'
Bho 'm bilibh dearg a mhealladh phòg,
Cha n-'eil de 'n *duin'* aig' ach an dealbh—
'Se th' ann gu dearbh a' chailleach bhog!
Gur toigh, &c.

A shaogh'ltaich thruaigh, an cluinn thus' uam,
Ge mòr do luath 'nad shealladh fein,
Cha tugainn uair de 'n comunn blàth
Air son d' uil' àgh air thalamh bhos.
Gur toigh, &c.

O ciod e stòr as eugmhais phòg?
O ciod ach ceò—cha seallainn air;
Mar faighinn mar ris gaol nan òigh,
Air crùn Rìgh Deòrsa thalaichinn.
Gur toigh, &c.

" Gur dìomhanas gach nì fo 'n ghréin,"
Ars' Solamh caomh,—ach farraideam
Dhe 'n fhleasgach c'uine sguir e féin
'Bhi 'tabhairt gaoil do chaileagan!
Gur toigh, &c.

A' CHAILEAG BHÒIDHEACH.

AIR FONN,—"A Mhàiri bhòidheach 's a Mhàiri ghaolach," &c.

LUINNEAG.

Gu'n togainn fonn air a' chaileig bhòidheich,
Gu'n togainn fonn air té dhonn nan ròs-ghruaidh,—
An cailin rìomhach a's mìlse còmhradh;
Gu'n tugainn saogh'l air son gaol mo Sheonaid.

Cha n-òr 'an tasgaidh 's cha long air chuantaibh
A dh' fhag 'san àm so mo cheann-sa luaineach,
Cha churam spréidh 'chum an raoir o shuain mi,—
'S e m' eagal féin gur h-e 'n gaol a bhuail mi.
Gu'n togainn fonn &c.

'N e 'n gaol, a ghràidh, a rinn d' fhàilte dhòmhsa
Mar shaorsa 'n tràill bhochd, mar shlàinte 'n leònta,
Mar theachd a' Chéitein do choill nan smeòrach?
Ma 's e, da rìreadh, fhuair mi na 's leòir dheth.
Gu 'n togainn fonn &c.

O! 's ann tha 'n sgiamhachd ri m' chiall-sa 'n càirdeas—
Mar ròs measg cainichein tha 'dearg-ghruaidh nàrach;
F'a malaidh 's caoile tha 'n t-sùil a's tlàithe
Na driùchd a' chéitein, no reul air fàire.
Gu 'n togainn fonn &c.

Gur milis ceòlan a' teachd o shìthean,
S cha searbh an lòn-dubh 'san òg-choill shìos ud,

'S binn eala bhàn 'n uair tha 'm bàs a' strì rith'
Ach 's binne Seònaid 'toirt sgeòil bho 'crì dhomh.
Gu 'n togainn fonn &c.

O thusa 'sheinn dhuinn co ghrinn mu 'n òigh ud
A ghaid do chrì air feadh coill Ghlinn-smeòil uait,
Air Seònaid mhìogach nam biodh tu eòlach,
Chaidh "Màiri ghrinn" sios do 'n chill gun òran.
Gu 'n togainn fonn &c.

A bhàrda Greugach, bho 'r cadal dùisgibh,—
Cha n-ann 'thoirt sgeòil duinn air *Màrs* no *Iuno*,
Ach 'sheinn mu Bhan-righ a' Ghràidh as ùr dhuinn,
An *Bhenus* bheanntach so 'thoill 'bhi cliùiteach.
Gu 'n togainn fonn &c.

O 's truagh bhi daonnan air roinn ar *dàin* dhiot,
A Shaoghail chealgaich, 'tha searbh 'nuair 's fearr thu!—
Nam faigheadh truaghain corr uair an *àill* dhiot,
Bhiodh agam Seònaid 's an còrr aig càch dhiot.
Gu 'n togainn fonn &c.

ÒRAN.

Air Fonn,—" The Rose Tree."

O ! 'iomhaigh 'rinn mo leònadh,
  Nach fan thu bhuam ! nach fan the bhuam !
O'n theich gach uile dhòchas
  Gur dona, 'luaidh, gur dona, 'luaidh,
Dhuit nis bhi 'magadh m' àmhghair
  Le d' shealladh caoin, le d' shealladh caoin,
Mar rionnaig 'n uair tha 'm bàrc bochd
  Air stallachan, air stallachan !

O, 's coma leam an samhradh,
  Le 'uile dhreach, le 'uile dhreach,
'S cha toigheach leam an geamhradh,
  Ge geal a shneachd, ge geal a shneachd ;—
C' arson ? Bheir samhradh 'm chuimhne
  A 'mhais' tha 'd shnuadh, a 'mhais' tha 'd shnuadh,
'S cha leig an geamradh 'n dì-chuimhn'
  Do chridhe fuar, do chridhe fuar !

O ciod, a ghaoil, a nì mi
  Gu d'chur á' m' chuimhn,' gu d' chur á' m' chuimhn'?
No c' àit' am faigh mi ìocshlaint
  Do m' chridhe tinn, do m' chridhe tinn ?
Gu 'n teich mi do na h-Innsibh
  A's fhaide bhuainn, a's fhaide bhuainn,
'S mar foghainn sud, bheir mì orm
  Fo 'n tota uain', fo 'n tota uain' !

MALI BHÒIDHEACH.

Air Fonn,—"Ho rò mo nighean donn, bhòidheach,
Mo nighean donn, bhòidheach, bheadarrach," &c.

Luinneag.

Mo rùn air Mali bhòidheach,
Mo rùn air Mali
Chùl-bhuidh, bhanail—
'S iomadh fear tha 'n toir oirr'.

Gur h-i mo rùn-sa 'n cailin ud
A's grinne cruth 'us dòighean;
'N uair theid a' m' chuimhn-sa Mali bheag
'Se 'n talamh 'bhios 'gam chòmhdach'.
Mo rùn, &c.

Tha 'gnuis mar mhadainn chéiteinich
'An àm do 'n ghréin bhi 'g òradh;
Tha 'meall-shuil mar an reultag 'bhios
'S an Ear air sgé na Glòmuin.
Mo rùn, &c.

Mar bhàrr nan tonna gaillionnach
Tha muinneal geal na h-òighe,
'S a ciochan corrach, mulanach,
Mar thulaichean làn neòinean.
Mo rùn, &c.

'S e 'n grian-ghath air an urlar i,
O, 's binn i air na h-òrain;

'S ged bheireadh slàinte cùl-thaobh rium,
  Gu 'n ùraicheadh a pòg mi.
                Mo rùn, &c.

Ged theireadh cuid, a leannain, riut
  Gur h-e do charadh 's deòin leam,
Bi'dh 'mhàthair coma m' a ceud leanabh,
  'Ghaoil, mu 'n tig an lò sin.
                Mo rùn, &c.

'S ged dh' fhògairteadh o d' shealladh mi
  Gu iomall na Cuairt Reòidhte,
Am feadh 'sa bhios an anail annam,
  'Mhali, 's tu mo Cheòlraidh !
                Mo rùn, &c.

A Ghrian, nach greas thu 'n latha sin
  'Bheir Mali air a' chòir dhomh ;
'S 'n uair thig an oiche, fuirich seachduin
  Gun tigh'n ris, ma 's deòin leat.
                Mo rùn, &c.

Cha dean mi tuille molaidh oirr'
  Ged laidheadh tuille mòr oirr' ;
Ach nam bu bhàrd no filidh mi
  Gu 'n seinninn gus na neòil i !
                Mo rùn, &c.

CUMHA BEAN ÒG AN T-SEANA-BHODAICH.

Air Fonn,—"Brigis Mhic-Ruairidh."

A chaileag tha toigheach
Air dol car air chaothach,
Dean bodach a thaghadh le buaile thiugh;
'S ma 's math leat 'bhi reòidhte
'Am meadhon an òg-mhios
Le luidse de 'n t-seòrs' ud cha truagh leam thu.

Luinneag.

O 's nàr, O 's nàr 'bhi 'gearradh phreas òg
'S pluic mhòr a' grodadh, gun bhuain, 's a' choill.
O 's nàr, &c.

Fhuair mise fear grinn dhiubh—
Ged robh e 's na H-Innsibh,
Cha chuirteadh á chnàimhean am fuachd a chaoidh;
'S geda dheanadh tu phlodadh
'An coire 'dh-òr leaghte,
A chridhe crion, creagach 'sann chruaidhcheadh ann.
O 's nàr, &c.

Ma bheir mi do 'n bhaigeir
Nì 's buige na clachan,
"'S ann ni thu mo chreachadh!" deir gruaigean rium;
'S do 'n Eaglais di-dòmhnuich
Cha teid e—bi'dh 'bhrògan
'S am bonn-a-sè caomhaint'—mo thruaigh mi leis!
O 's nàr, &c.

Le cànran 'us casdaich
A leithid cha n-fhacas,
'S e 'n impis bhi tachdte air uaireanan;
Daor phoca na phlàighe—
Cha ghabhadh tu pàidheadh
'S bhi mionaid 'na fhàile, 'n uair bhuaileas air.
O 's nar, &c.

'N uair theid mi d'a leabaidh,
Ged robh mi gun chadal
Cha bhrìodal 's cha sotal thig uaithsan domh,
Ach srann agus ròmhan,
Mar mhada 'n cùil-mhoine,—
Cha b' ionann 's fear òg 'dheanadh cluaineis rium.
O 's nàr, &c.

'S a' mhadainn, ann àite
'Bhi 'breugadh nam pàistean,
'S a' cluinntinn *mamà* bho gach uanan diubh,
'S ann bhìos mi a' bleodhann
Crodh bodach an d—m—n!
B' fhearr leam aon làn creathaill lé buachaille.
O 's nàr, &c.

Seann fhleasgach, ciod e th' ann
Ach soitheach air deubhadh—
Ach tobar air traoghadh a suas gu tur?
Stoc reudanach, gealaicht',
Gun duilleig gun fhaillein?
B' e deireadh gach donais bhi fuaighte ris!
O 's nàr, &c.

MO RÒSAN GEAL FÈIN.

Air Fonn,—" The wounded Hussar."

Tha 'n t-Earrach air tighinn, tha 'choille 'fàs dòmhail,
Gur sunndach ri 'n òrain nis bàrda nan geug ;—
Tha flùir 'tigh'n 'nam briadh's ris, ach 's diamhain sud dhōmhsa,
'S e 'seachdadh gun dòchas, mo Ròsan geal fèin !
O 's beag a bha de thruas aig a' chuairt-ghaoith a leòn e,
Am flùran a b' àille riamh 'dh' fhàs ris a' ghréin ;
A Bhàis, thoir leat càch,—tha na's leòir sean 'us òg ann—
Ach O ! seachainn Seònaid, mo Ròsan geal fèin !

A bhruadairean ciùine, 'n tràth thùirlingeas pràmh oirr',
O ! innsibh do m' ghràdh gu 'm beil slàinte dh'i dlùth,
'S gach uair 'ni i dùsgadh, 'eòin bheaga nan tlàth-phong,
O seinnibh nach fhaod i mis' fhàgail co dhiùbh !
Cha n-fheud, no theid mi do 'n taigh iseal, fhuar còmhl' rith'—
Os ceann no fo 'n fhòid, 'se bhi làmh rith' mo dhéidh :—
A Bhàis, thoir leat càch,—tha gu leòir, sean 'us òg, ann—
Ach O ! seachainn Seònaid, mo Ròsan geal fein !

MALI BHÒIDHEACH, MHÌOG-SHUILEACH.

AIR FONN,—"The Lea Rigs ;" or "Nighean donn na h-àiridh,"

Mo rùn air Mali bhòidheach,
'S i Mali bhòidheach mhìog-shuileach—
Mo rùn air Mali bhòidheach,
Cha ghabhainn òr nan Innsean oirr' ;—
Cha ghabhainn òr, cha ghabhainn spréidh,
Cha ghabhainn ceud crùn rìoghail oirr',
'S cha dealaich mi ri m' bheò rith'—
Mo Mhali bhòidheach, mhìog-shuileach.

O 's tric le Mali àluinn,
Gun fhios do chàch, 'nam shìneadh mi
'An lagan gorm nam blàth tiugh,
A' faighinn sgeòil na rìbhinne ;
Mo bheul r'a beul—aon làmh f'a 'ceann,
Làmh eile teann 'ga crìodachadh,
'S mo chridhe 'snàmh 'an sòlas
Le Mali bhòidheach, mhìog-shuileach.

O! 's òg a thug mi gaol dh'i,
'S thug ise glé luath dìoladh dhomh ;
Ma bhios mi fada slàn deth,
Mo làmh nach bi sud dìomhain d'i ;
Ged gheibhinn gun bhi as a fianais
Mìle bliadhn', cha sgìth'chinn d'i,—
'S ann bhiodh i 'm shealladh 'n còmhnuidh
'Na Mali bhòidheach, mhìog-shuileach.

DUANAG.

AIR FONN,—" A ho ro, mo rùn an cailin," &c.

LUINNEAG.

A ho ì, gu cinnteach 's toigh leam,
A ho ì, gu cinnteach 's toigh leam,
'S toigh leam Anna nan ciabh òr-bhuidh,
'S bheirinn d'i mo phòg ge b' oil leibh.

Anna bheag, ge h-athach, òg i,
'S teth a cridhe 's blasd' a còmhradh;
Aingeal ann an cruitheachd òigh' i,—
Chuir a bòidhchead m' fhuil air ghoile.
A ho ì, &c.

Bheirinn pòg dh'i; 's mar bu nàr leath',
Gheibhinn muillion diubh 'ga pàigheadh,
Ghleidhinn rùm 'nam bhroilleach blàth dh'i'
'N uair a dhiùltainn Ban-righ eilein.
A ho ì, &c.

Mallachd air na bhios a' pòsadh
Aighean ann an àite òighean,—
B' fhearr leam Anna as a còta
Na cnoc òir le dud neo-sgoinneil.
A ho ì, &c.

'S e mo stòras-sa té àluinn,
M' fhearann bòidheach a gruaidh nàrach,

M' uile shòlas a deagh nàdur—
'S tha sud aig mo ghràdh gun ghainne.
A ho i, &c.

'S fada, 's fada 'nochd o m' rùn mi,
Ach mu 'n caidil bi'dh mi dlùth dh'i;
Anna, 'ghaoil, air son do shùgraidh
Rachainn ùr tre thuil a's theine.
A ho ì, &c.

Ged robh 'n saogh'l a' sealltuinn duaichnidh,
Ged robh chléir car beag 'an gruaim ruinn,
Seadh, ged shracadh Eud 'us Tuaileas
Cha bhi m' fhuath air bean do shloinneadh.
A ho ì, &c.

CRONAN NA BEAN-DIOLAIN,

AIR FONN,—"Thug mi gaol do 'n fhear bhàn," &c.

LUINNEAG.

Dean babà dean babà
Dean babà, nis, ochòin!
Dean babà, 'leinibh, dean—
'S leòir do mhàthair 'bhi ri bròn.

Caidil, 'uain! fuirich sàmh'ch—
Tha do mhàthair 'gad chòir,

'S i mar eala nan cuan
  'Cur r'a duan an deigh 'leòn!
      Dean babà, &c.

'Fhir tha 'n tràsa fad' as,
  Nam bu deoch dhuit mo dheòir',
'N saoil nach maoth'cheadh do chrì?
  'N saoil an tréigeadh tu Mòr?
      Dean babà, &c.

Och mo thruaigh té 'bheir géill
  Chaoidh do sgeul nam fear òg!
Geallas mil dh'i gu h-ùr,
  'S gheibh i 'm puinsean r'a òl.
      Dean babà, &c.

Ach a ghruagaichean grinn,
  Fanaibh thall mar is còir;
S cumhann téarnadh an uain
  A gheibh *Ruairidh* 'na spòig.
      Dean babà, &c.

An té 'dh'innseas a gaol
  Do 'n fhear 'shaoil i 'bhi breòit'—
'N uair a thionnd'as e 'chùl,
  "Bha mi 'sùgradh ri gleòisg!"
      Dean babà, &c.

SLIOCHD NAM BEANNTA.*

Air Fonn—" Royal Charlie."

Luinneag.

O c' àit' 'eil air an talamh,
O c' àit' 'eil air an talamh,
C' àit ' 'eil, c' ait' 'eil air an talamh
Coimeas Sliochd nam Beannta ?

Sliochd mo ghaoil an sliochd 'dh' fhàs smiorail,
Foinnidh, dàna, làidir, fearail ;
'S mairg nàmh a theid an carabh
Gàidheil gheala, 's greann orra.
O c' àit' 'eil, &c.

'N uair theid clann nam beann 'n an éideadh,
Féileadh-beag air leas gach treun-fhir,

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* Rinneadh "Sliochd nam Beannta," ar leam, 'sa' bhliadhna 1829, 'n uair thaing iomradh gu robh Feachd-dùthcha, no *Militia*, Earraghàel gu bhi air a togail gun dàil, agus daoine, nan aineolas, a' saoilsinn gur h-e b' aobhar dha sud gu'n robh sinn fein 's na Frangaich gu 'bhi aon uair eile ann am badabh a chéile. Chaidh "Na Deireasaich," an t-òran a leanas, a chur 'an òrdugh air do'n ùghdair, le fearg-thàmailt agus nàire, 'bhi 'faicinn a mheud 's a bha de dhaoine òg, luath, làidir, gu cladhaireach, ag oidheirpeachadh "faighinn dheth" (mar theireadh iad féin) le teisteanas lighichean, goirid romh àm cur nan crann—agus sin airson ciurraman agus eucailean air nach cualas a chuige sud riamh gearan no iomradh aca.

Miann nan gruagach, fuath luchd-eucoir
  Sìol na Féinn' 's gach aon àit'.
          O c' àit' 'eil, &c.

Sibhs' a ghineadh bho na h àrmuinn
'Sheas gu duineil mar ri Teàrlach,
Nochdaibh nis do dh-Uilleam àdhmhor'
  Gu 'm beil Gàeil 'san t-seann dòigh.
          O c' àit' 'eil, &c.

Ciod e 'n Gàidheal ri h-uchd streupaid?
Ciod ach leòmhann measg nan caorach.
Fuil 'us àr 'us bàs gach taobh dheth ;—
  'S mairg nach géill 'an àm dha.
          O c' àit' 'eil, &c.

Co iad curraidhnean gach cruadail?
Co iad beathraichean gach tuasaid?
Co 's a h-uile blàr bhios buadhach?
  Sliochd nan stuadh gun aon ag.
          O c' àit' 'eil, &c.

Co fhuair onoir *Fontenoi*,
Waterloo, 's *Corunna* glòirmhor?
Co ach iadsan nach teich òirleach
  Ged robh còig ri aon fhear!
          O c' àit' 'eil, &c.

O Cheann-tàile gu Ceann-tìre
'Chlann nan Gàidheal, eiribh! eiribh!
'S mar dean Eilthirich bhi sìobhalt,
  Strìochdaidh iad gun taing dhuinn.
          O c' àit' 'eil, &c.

NA DEIREASAICH.

Air Fonn,—" 'Si so 'n aimsir a dhearbhar," &c.

Mo thruaighe, mo thruaighe, mo thruaighe mar thà !
A shaoghail, chaidh thu tu'al, buileach tu'al oirnn an tràs' ;
Chaill Nàdur a tuaiream, ge cruaidh e ri 'ràdh ;
Och ! 's dona mar fhuaras i 'n uaigneas ri pàirt.

'S ann ort thain', a Ghàeldachd, an caochladh ro mhòr,
Tha Laoich-taobh-na-grìosaich 'fàs lìonmhor na 's leòir ;
Aig an teine, ma 's fior, tha gach aon fhear na leòmh'n,
Ach maoidh 'thoirt o'n luath 's cha n-'eil gruaimean " air dòigh."

'S i so bliadhna nam bachdach 's fearr astar na càch,
'S i so bliadhna nan stachdach 'bheir feairt air na 's àill ;
'S iomadh liùgair le gunna 'tha gramail le spàin,
'S ged robh móran gun sealladh, co 'm fear tha gun bheul ?

Nam b' ann mu 'n mhéis-chabhruich, co thionnd'adh a chùl ?
Bhiodh a bhlàth ann an tìm bhig nach tionnd'adh a h-aon ;
'S bhiodh Frangaich aig *Dòmh'l dubh* 'g an ròsdadh, gun dùil,
Nan deanadh a' bhòilich 'na h-ònar an tùrn.

A ghruagaichean, caoinibh; 's mòr aobhar 'ur bròin,
'S gun fhleasgach 'san dù'ich a bheir sùil oirbh na's
mò;—
Tha galairean nuadh, 's iad glé thruaillidh, mo dhòigh,
Air faotuinn laimh-'n-uachdar air fuathas dhiubh mu 'n
t—n.

'An àite nan treun 'rachadh 'n teugmhail le fonn,
Tha 'm mulcach, an crùbach, an giùmach, an cam;
Ar leam gu 'm b'e 'n eucoir am màrsadh do 'n Fhraing
'S fear no dhà 'cur an céill 'bhi mar tha gun an ceann!

A dhaoine gun nàire! ciod è their mi ribh?
An abair mi Gàeil ribh 's nach Gàeil idir sibh?
B' e samhlachadh 'n fhleòdair ri stàilinn an nì,
'S b' fheàrr h-aon diubh 's an àr-fhaich na réiseamaid dibhs'.

Ach sibhs' 'tha dhe 'n fhìon-fhuil a's prìseil' na 'n t-òr,
'Fhìor ghineil na Féinne! na géillibh 's sibh beò;—
'S fearr gràinean de 'n t-sìol na de 'n mholl làn na
cròig',
'S ma theid sinn thar chuan, bheir sinn buaidh mar bu nòs.

O thigibh bho 'r sléiteibh le spéid nan eas borb—
Mar dhealan nan speur 'n uair tha sìontain 'am feirg;
'S ged dh' éireadh an saogh'l oirnn gu léir anns an strì,
Ri "guaillibh a chéile" co dh' fhaodas ar claoidh?

Bi'dh buaidh mar a b' àbhaist 's gach blàr air ar taobh,—
'S air pilleadh dhuinn sàbhailt gu àrd-thir an fhraoich,
Gur leòir leinn mar phàidheadh fiamh-ghàire nan òigh,
'S cha n-fhàg sinn a' Ghàeldachd no iadsan nas mò.

DUANAG.

AIR FONN,—" Pòg an nochd agus pòg an raoir," &c.

LUINNEAG.

Mo rùn air a' chaileig a's meallaiche sùil,
Mo rùn air a' chaileig a's camagaich' cùl,—
A' chaileag, a' chaileag bha 'n raoir air mo ghlùn—
'Se sealladh de dh-Anna a thogadh mo shunnd.

Ged tha mi gun chaora, gun ghabhar, gun bhò,
Gun searrach, gun ghearran, gun fhearann, gun òr,
Gun aon nì air thalamh ach na th' air mo dhruim,
A dh' aindeoin sud uile tha Anna rium grinn.
Mo rùn, &c.

Ged dh' amais mi dol do 'n taigh-leanna corr uair,
Ged thraoigheam an copan le gillean glan, suairc,
Ged robh mi 's gach ionad 's an cluinnear an ceòl,
Na dheaghaidh sud uile bheir Anna dhomh 'pòg.
Mo rùn, &c.

Ged tha e air aithris gu'm beil mi gun stéidh,
'S gu 'n teid mi 'an aithghearr air chaothach gu léir
A' mealladh nan cruinneag 's a' deanadh nan dàn,
A dh' aindeoin an cridhe tha Anna rium blàth.
Mo rùn, &c.

Ged fhaighinnsa cailin le buaile thiugh nì,
Cha tréiginn mo chaileag air mothaid a dìth ;
'S ged thigeadh g' a sireadh-sa Baran lan stòir,
Cha n-fhaiceadh mo leannan mi duilich 's i beò.
Mo rùn, &c.

'N uair 's coma le sionnach an fhuil 'tha 'san uan,
'N uair sguireas an talamh so 'dh-iomain mu 'n cuairt,
'N uair stadas Loch-fìne a lìonadh 'sa thràgh'
'N sin sguiridh mi, 'Anna, a thabhairt duit gràidh.
Mo rùn, &c.

DO LON-DUBH,

Air dhomh fear dhiubh chluinntinn a' seinn anns a' choille os ceann Chill-ma-lìth.

A Loin-duibh, a Loin-duibh, O! gur beag tha thu 'm feum
Air teicheadh uam féin le do chèol;
Cha sealgair a th' annam, gun umhail 'na chré,
'S ann thainig mi mar riut a bhròn!

A Loin-duibh, a Loin-duibh, 's fada dh' imich uait sùrd—
Ciod e so 'chuir mulad 'nad dhàn-s'?
Tha 'n Samhradh a' tighinn, tha 'choille 'fas dùmh'il,
'S gach eun innt' le sunnd 'cur air fàilt.

A Loin-duibh, a Loin-duibh, 'n uair tha 'n uiseag 's an speur
'Cur gean air Rìgh aobhach an Lò,
'N uair tha 'n smeòrach 's a leannan 'comh-shodan ri d' thaobh
'M bi thusa 'n ad aonar ri bròn?

A Loin-duibh, tha do thuireadh a' lotadh mo chrì—
'S ioghnadh leam ciod a chràidh thu co ghoirt:
'N e nàmh 'an riochd caraid a ghaid uait do shìth?
'N e gu 'n d' mhealladh 'n ad dhòchas thu 'th' ort?

A Loin-duibh, a Loin-duibh, 'm beil do leannan riut dùr?
Cha n-urrainn do 'n chùis bhi gu bràth:

Co ise air thalamh 's an cuireadh tu ùidh
Nach mealladh 's nach maoth'cheadh do dhàn?

A Loin-duibh, a Loin-duith, dearc 'us suthag nam blàr
Bi'dh deas dhuit gun dàil air son bìdh :
Tha 'n clamhan 'san t-seobhag fad', fada o làimh ;
Nach sguir thu, ma tà, de do chaoidh?

A Loin-duibh, a Loin duibh, tha mi 'cuimhneachadh nis!
Bha 'n t-eun'dair an rathad so 'n dé—
O an-iochd an trudair! do leannan thuit leis—
'Eòin ghrinn, 'se so 'ghuin thu—nach e?

A Loin-duibh, a Loin-duibh, 's mór gu sprochd do cheann-fàth,
Gidheadh 's mise do bhràthair 'an truaigh' ;
Ged tha d' uchd-sa cho dubh a's tha m' uchd-sa cho bàn,
'S e 'n t-aon aobhar a th' againn gu gruaim.

A Loin-duibh, a Loin-duibh, nach cuimhn' leatsa an té
'G an robh 'n sealladh 'bu chaoine, 's fiamh-ghàir'
Oirre chaoidh 'thogadh sodan air Dubhachas féin?
B' i mo rùn dìreach Aingeal a' Ghràidh!

A Loin-duibh, a Loin-duibh, mar dhriùchd maidne ri gréin,
Bha 'n talamh tha 'n Gaolach 'grad-thriall ;—
Bha fadal air ainglibh g' a faighinn leo féin,
Ghaid, O, ghaid iad do Phàrras mo chiall!

A Loin-duibh, nis ma's faochadh do d' mhulad-sa ceòl,
Seinnidh mise 'n so còmhl' riut gun sgìos ;

'S ma chluinneas an uaighe aon fhuaim romh là 'bhràth,
'Se 'n caoidhreah trom, cràidhteach 'ni mi !

Cluinnidh m' eudail mo chaoidh 'san taigh ìseal, fhuar, chaol,
'S a' leth-dhùsgadh, gu 'n can i gu tlàth
" Mo leannan ! mo leannan ! do bheatha ri m' thaobh!"
Greas, a ghaoil, 'us dean maille rium tàmh !

DUANAG.

AIR FONN,—" A nighean donn an t-sùgraidh," &c.

LUINNEAG.

Mo bheannachd ort, a Mhàiri,
A chailin chaomh nam blàth-shuil,—
An sir thu tuille gràidh orm
'S mo chridh' thun sgàineadh cheana leis?

C' arson, a bhàrda, 's suain duibh,
Ciod air tha 'chlàr a' bruadar,
'S a liuthad mais' 'us buaidh 'tha,
Gun ghuth orr', fuaight' ri m' leannan-sa ?
Mo bheannachd, &c.

Mar ghrian-ghath air uchd fairge,
Mar eal' air broilleach balbh-shruth,

Mar lilidh bheag nan tolman
  Tha gilead dealbh na cailin ud.
    Mo bheannachd, &c.

Ged tha 'falt buidhe 'seòladh
M' a slinnein sneachd, mar òr-neul
Air gnuis grian-fheasgair òg-mhios,
  Gur fada spòrs o 'n ainnir ghrinn.
    Mo bheannachd, &c.

'S ged tha na mìlte' 'g aoradh
Dh'i, cha toir gin uam fhéin i;—
Biodh bàrr aig aingle 'n naomhachd,
  Ach buidhnidh 'n ceutachd Mali orr' !
    Mo bheannachd, &c.

GLEANN-AORADH.

AIR FONN,—“ Mairi laoghach,” &c.

LUINNEAG.

A ho rò, 'se 'n samhr' e
Ann an Gleann nam Flùr !
Uthill ò, 's e 'n samhr' e—
Tuigainn ann, a rùin !
Tuigainn, tuigainn, 'annsachd,
Leam do ghleann nam flùr ;
Tuigainn do Ghleann-aoradh,
'S cha bhi 'n gaol air chùl.

'N uair tha 'n samhradh blàthmhor
'Fàilteachadh nam bruach,
'S eòin air feadh na h-òg-choill
'Seinn 'sa' deanadh chuach,
Oigridh shona 'mànran
Feadh nan àiridh shuas,
'Anna, cha b' e 'n sùgradh
'Bhi o dhù'ich nan stuadh.
A ho rò, &c.

'Ainnir na gruaidh nàraich,
'S òg a rib thu mì ;
'N uair a bha mi 'm phàisde
Bu leat gràdh mo chrì ;
Mar theid grian an àirdead
'S ann a's blàith' na glinn,

'S mar tha m' aois-sa 'sìneadh
'S ann tha 'n gaol a' cinn.
A ho rò, &c.

Tha beul meala m' eudail-s'
Binn mar cheud-dhàn cuaich,
Milis mar am fìon-dhearc,
Maoth-dhearg mar shuth bruaich';
O ! b' e 'n fhochaid sìoda
'Chur m' a bràigh geal suas
'S a cùl bàn-bhuidh féin air,
Mar ghath-gréin' air chuan.
A ho rò, &c.

Mar a' ghrian leth-fhalaicht'
Cùl neòil gheal a' Chéit
'Sann tha fiamh do bhroilleich,
'Anna, fo shìod-bhréid
Tha do mheall-shuil thlàth-ghorm
Ceart cho làn de 'n ghaol
'S a tha 'mhil de mhìlseachd—
Gonadh crì nan ceud !
A ho rò, &c.

'S e Gleann-aoradh cheana
Gleann a's grinne 's tìr,
'S ma thig thus' ann, 'Anna,
Cha-n-'eil tuille dhìth
Air gu bhi 'na Eden,
'S ormsa gu bhi 'm rìgh ;—
Thig, 's bi 'd iodhal-aoraidh
Rè ar saoghail do m' chrì !
A ho rò, &c.

Anns a' mhadainn bhraonaich,
  Leis an spréidh 'sa' ghleann,
Bheir sinn greis air sùgradh,
  Greis a' deanadh rann;
Greis ag éisdeachd bàrdach
  Mhilis àl nan crann;
Greis 'an comh-sheirm leò 'seinn,
  'S greis a' pògadh teann.
    A ho rò, &c.

'S ann an sud tha dearcan
  Tiugh mar dhealt, a luaidh,
Suthan mar do leachd féin
  Dearg, a's deas ri 'm buain;—
Fhad 's robh muir a's monadh
  Dlùth, bidh' 'd aran buan,
'S gheibh sinn air son fìona
  Bainne blàth nan cuach.
    A ho rò, &c.

OIGHRIG ÒG.

AIR FONN,—" Blythe, blythe, and merry was she," &c.

LUINNEAG.

'Oighrig òg an òr-fhuilt chlannaich.
'Oighrig bhanail, 's tu mo ghaol;
'Ainnir ùr a's ciùine sealladh,
Bha mi maille riut an raoir.

Bha mi maille riut 'am bhruadair,—
Shaoil mi, 'luaidh, thu 'bhi ri m' thaobh;
Dhuisg an sòlas tuille 's luath mi,
'S b' fhada bhuam thu 'n sin, a ghaoil!
' Oighrig òg, &c.

'Ainnir òg nam pòga meala,
'S truagh nach faighinn thu gu léir;
B' fhearr leam thu gun nì air thalamh
Na té eile 's fearann saor.
'Oighrig òg, &c.

Geda gheibhinn òr nan Innsean,
S nighean rìgh, 'na uile dheidh
'S mòr a b' annsa leam, gun sìon leath',
Còir air rìbhinn a' chùil réidh.
'Oighrig òg, &c.

Tha i modhail, teisteil, càirdeil,
Gu neo-stràiceil aisde féin;

'S tuigseach, aobhach, beusach, nàrach
Oighrig mhàlda nan gruaidh caoin.
'Oighrig òg, &c.

'S dearg 'sa' gheamhradh an dearc-chuilionn,
'S gorm 'san fhogharadh 'n dearc-fhraoich,
'S deirge, 'ghaoil, gu mór, do bhilean,
'S guirme, tur, do mheall-shuil mhaoth.
'Oighrig òg, &c.

Ged tha mi gun òr gun fhearann,
Gun thiugh-spréidh air rudh' na raon,
Ma ni gràdh gu bràth do tharruing
Cha n-fhaigh gin thu ach mi féin.
'Oighrig òg, &c.

ÒRAN.

Air Fonn,—"The Highland Minstrel Boy."

Am bruadar so? am faoin-sgeul e?
No 'm feud e a bhi fìor
Do gheallaidhnean gu 'n dì-ch'nicheadh
Tu air son òir no nì?
Cha tig, cha tig ath-sgeul domh air—
Nan tigeadh b' éibhneach mì;
Ach o'n chaidh 'n t-snaim do-sgaoileadh ort
Dhe 'n t-saogh'l so tha mi sgìth.

O 's mairg 'ni earbs' á boirionnach!
Gur h-ainneamh gheibhear té
'Bhios dìreach anns an leannanachd
No leanailteach 'sa' ghaol;
Mar 's bòidhche 'sann a's caraich' iad,
Tha 'n aigne mar a' ghaoth;
Bu daor a fhuair mi aíthn' air sud
Bho ainnir an fhuilt réidh.

Bu daor, bu daor a cheannaich mi
An sonas nach robh buan;
'N uair shaoil mi 'bhi aig cala
Chaidh mo philleadh thun a' chuain;—
Mo thruaigh mi! ciod so dh' fhairich mi
Nach d' aithnich thu na b' luaith'?
'N uair fhuair fear eile, 'rùnaich, thu
'S ann dhùisg mi as mo shuain.

O c' uime, 'ghaoil, a dh' fhàg thu mi?
Bha là 's bu leam do phòg,—
Bu leam do bhrìodal mànranach,
'Bha aon uair blàth gu leòir;
Bu leam bhi 'd chneas—'s b' e 'm Pàrras e!
'N uair bhitheadh càch 'nan clò;—
Bha uair 's bu leam, mar meallta mi,
Do chridhe fallsa fòs.

'Se thu 'bhi 'n cneas an aineolaich
A nis a' gabhail suain
A rinn mo chaileachd fhannachadh,
'S a thanaich clis mo gruaidh;
An saogh'l cha n-fhada mheallas mi,
O! 's falamh è 's tu bhuam—
A ghaoil, bi aoibhinn toilichte
Theid mi gu h-ealamh 'n uaigh!

'N uair chuireas iad fo thalamh mi
'S a chinneas tharam feur,
An tig thu, 'ghaoil, a ghal air m' uaigh?
No 'n sil thu aona dheur?
Cha sil! cha sil! chà teann thu ris—
B' e 'n t-iongantas an té
A rinn mo bheatha ghiorrachadh
'Bhi duilich as mo dhéidh.

A fhleasgaich òig, bi furachail—
Aon earail gabh uam féin,—
Na taobh ri té 'bhios eireachdail
Mar aithne dhuit a beus;

Ged gheibh thu 'n coslas aingil i,
Ma 's caileag i gun stéidh,
Gu 'n dean i 'n tùs dhìot amadan,
A's aithreachan 'na dhéigh.

RANNAN.

C' uime bhiodh oirnn mulad,
Duilichinn no cràdh
Air son ni th' air thalamh?
Faileasan gun stath!

Chunnaic mi 'm fear modhail,
'S b' aithreach leis gu 'n robh—
Chunnaic mi 'm fear falamh,
'S thuirt e ' Gabh 'nuair gheibh."

Cuireamaid ri aighear—
'H-uile fear 'sa làmh
Air a' chaileig laoghaich
'Bheir pòg, toilleach, dhà.

Ciod a th' ann am fleasgach?
Fàsan an t-sìl mhaith—
Ploc 'an coill nan gallan—
Seillean gun an gath!

Thugaibh dhōmhsa cailin,
Banalas 'na cainnt,
Bàighealachd 'na meall-shuil,
'S a cruth geal, gun mheang.

'N uair bhios mise corrach
Fanadh i 'na tosd,
'S gad theid ise 'm mearachd
Cha bhi mise crosd'.

Toilichte le beagan,
'S coma leinn cuid chàich :
Fear gunn phlang 'na sheotal
'S e 'ni 'n cadal sàmh'ch.

TUIREADH NA CAILIN.

FONN,—" Bruthaichean Ghlinne-braon."

LUINNEAG.

Och mar tha mi gun thù leam!
'N tig an là sin 'bheir m' Uistean,
Far am b' òg sinn, gle chùirteil,
Aig Aoradh lùbach nan craobh?

'S i so 'n nollaig a leòn mi,
Gach té eile, gu spòrsail,
Mar r'a leannan, 's rùn Seònaid,
Fàth mo bhròin, 'an tìr chéin!
Och mar tha mi, &c.

'Fhir bu dùmhala calpa,
'N uair a shiùbhladh tu 'gharbhlach
Cha bu shùgradh do 'n earbaig,
'S bhiodh fuil dhearg air na féigh.
Och, mar tha mi, &c.

Deagh làmh 'chumail na stiùir' thu
Ged ro' 'n linne 'na smùid dhearg;
'S 'nuair nach b' urrainn d'i giùlan
B' e sud sùgradh mo ghaoil.
Och, mar tha mi, &c.

'N uair a sheinneadh tu 'n t-òran
'Measg nan caileagan òga,

Bhiodh mo chridhe 'gad phògadh,
'S, nam biodh dòigh air—mo bheul.
Och, mar tha mi, &c.

'N uair a thig am mìos Màigh oirnn,
Co an sin ni dhomh 'm blàth-fhleasg?
Co ni m' fhaidhrein a phàidheadh—
No chuireas fàilt orm, air féill?
Och, mar tha mi, &c.

Co ni dhomh an crùn luachrach?
Co ni 'n caorann a bhuain domh?
Co bheir a bhreacan mu 'n cuairt orm
'Tigh'n o bhuaile 'chruidh-laoigh?
Och, mar tha mi, &c.

ESAN 'GA FREAGAIRT.

Aig taobh Aoradh na gànraich
Dh' fhàg mi 'n éiteag a's bàine ;
Rìbhinn ùr na gruaidh nàraich,
B' fheàrr bhi 'n tràs' leath' nan saogh'l.

Luinneag.

Och, ged tha mi o m' rùn geal,
B'e mo roghainn 'bhi dlùth dhi
Far am b' òg sinn, glé chùirteil,
Aig Aoradh lùbach nan craobh.

'S tric an tràsa le m' uan mi—
'S tric, ach O ! 's ann am bruadair—
Far am b' òg bha mi 'n uaigneas
Dh'i a's uaipe 'toirt gaoil.
Och, ged, &c.

Far an ciataich' na h-òighean,
Far an grian doibh mo Sheònaid ;
Far nach iarrainn de bheò-shlàint'
Ach 'bhi 'pògadh a beil !
Och, ged, &c.

'S e 'bhi, 'ghaoil, riut a' sùgradh
'Dheanadh m' eibhneas a chrùnadh
Ged robh 'n saogh'l so le 'chùram
'Dol 'na smùid les a' ghaoith.
Och, ged, &c.

Mar tha chombaist 'an còmhnuidh
'Sireadh dh' ionnsuidh n' Tuath reòta
'S ann tha m' inntinn-s' air Seònaid,
Rionnag bhòidheach mo ghaoil.
Och, ged, &c.

'S geda shnàmhas mi cuaintean,
'N uair thig Samhradh mu 'n cuairt oirnn
Cha n fhaod idir mo ghruagach
Bhi 'tigh'n o 'n bhuaile leath' féin.
Och, ged, &c.

DUANAG.

Air Fonn,—"Tha buaidh air an Uisge-bheatha," &c.

Luinneag.

A rùin ghil, nam bithinn leat,
Bu shunndach mo chridhe 'n diugh;
B'e 'n sòlas do-bhruidhinn 'bhi
Le Sìne bhuidhe daonnan.

Ged 's ann 'san Eilein Bhòdach 'chinn
An lilidh 'rinn mo leònadh-sa,
'S ann shaoileadh tu le 'bòidhchead
Gur h-ann chinn i chòir nan speura!
A rùin ghil, &c.

Cha n-e thu bhi 'shìol Duibhne 'rinn
Le m' chridhe, 'luaidh, co phrìseil thu,
Ach thu bhi modhail, fìor-nàrach,
Blàth, inntinneach, deadh-bheusach.
A rùin ghil, &c.

Mar chaineal fàile d' analach,
Do mhuinneal mar an canach mìn;
Tha Cupid féin 'am falach ann
Ad bhroilleach corrach, caoin-gheal.
A rùin ghil, &c.

Do shùil air dath nan àirneagan,
Do chùl mar òr a' deàlrachadh,
Do bheul mar ròs beag làn de mhil
Rinn uile, 'ghràidh, mo léireadh.
A rùin ghil, &c.

An ceudamh cuid dhe d' cheanaltas
A chur 'an céill cha n-aithne dhomh;—
'S tu gaol gach aon a chunnaic thu
'S tu, 'chiall, an dara Bhénus.
A rùin ghil, &c.

Tha thu gu léir co fhuralltach,
Co ghaolach, cheutach, fhuranach,
'S gu 'm beil mi féin a' h-uile là
'Dol tuille 's tuille 'n déigh ort.
A rùin ghil, &c.

ÒRAN.

FONN,—" A Mhàiri bhàn gur banail thu," &c.

O Iseabal! o 'n chunnaic mi
'Nad leanadh beag an tòs thu
Bu smaointean domh, 'n uair chinneadh tu,
Gu 'm b' ainneamh bean do neòil-sa,—
Gu 'n gaidinn mar ròs gàraidh thu
'An toiseach d' àille 's d' òige ;
Nis ma 's fear eile 'bhuaineas tu,
'S i 'n uaigh mo leaba-phòsaidh.

Ach ged tha 'n uaigh ro ghoireasach
Thoirt fois do 'n chridhe bhrùite,
Cha cheilinn ort, a leannain, e
Nach b' fheàrr bhi 'd bhroilleach rùin fein ;
'S ged thigeadh 'm Bàs le 'shaighead chruaidh
'Thoirt oidheirp air mo chiùrradh,
Cha b' eagal leam 'sa' Phàrras ud
Nach faodainn 'chur g' a dhùlan.

A Nàduir, thug thu 'n car asainn—
'N uair rinn thu Peigi bhàn duinn
'S ann shaoil gach aon nach tigeadh té
Cho iomlan tuill' á' d' làmhan ;—
O! shaoil sinn sud 'n ar n-aineolas
Air cailin a chùil àrbhuidh :
Ach faodaidh *rionnag* bhi gle bhriagh
Nach faicear 's *grian* a' deàrsadh.

'S i ghrian, 's i ghrian 'an gilead i;
S i 'n eal' air uchd a chuain i;
'S e 'n soillse gréin' air linne i;
'S i lilidh gheal nan bruach i;—
'S i 'h-uile nì a's grinne riamh
'Rinn filidh sheinn no smuainteach';
Ach ciod am math 'n sud dhòmhsa?
'S ann tha bòidhchead 'cladhach m' uaighe!

A ghaoil! a ghaoil! mar faigh mi
Luath no mall do chala d' fhàbhair
C' arson nach robh thu 'd phuthair dhomh?
Gun fharmad chithinn càch leat;—
C' arson nach d' thainig doille orm
Mu 'n d' fhuair mi 'n sealladh 'chràidh mi?
C' arson a chunna 'n saogh'l so mi,
A ghaoil! mar 'eil thu 'n dàn domh?

An deaghaidh blàth's thig fionnarachd,
Thig tràghadh 'n deaghaidh lìonaidh,
Ach ormsa, 'dheòin no dh' aindeoin domh,
Tha 'n gaol 'na eallaich shìorruidh.
Fàilt' air an uaigh mar fhaigh mi thu!
A luaidh, cha n-fhada bhìos mi
'An so, mar uiseag chianalach
A' seinn do *ghrian* nach cluinn i.

'SE 'N LEON AN GAOL.

FONN,—" A chailin duinn a' chuailein réidh," &c.

Hil ù hil ò, 'se 'n leòn an gaol,
Hil ù hil ò, 'se 'n leòn an gaol,
Hil ù hil ò, 'se 'n leòn an gaol,
Mo chùlaobh féin gu buileach ris.

'Se 'n gaol a dh' fhàg gun chàil, gun chlì,
Gun fhala-ghà; gun slàinte mì ;
Gun rath, gun stàth, gun nàir', gun nì—
Ach feuch an strìochd mì tuille dha.
Hil ù, &c.

Ciod e 'dh-fhàg milis leam an t-òl ?
Ciod e 'dh-fhàg toigheach mi 'air ceòl ?
An t-aon ni 'dh' fhalmhaich tric mo phòc'—
'Se gaol nan òigh 'rinn uile sud.
Hil ù, &c.

Ciod e ghleidh minic mi bho m' shuain—
Ciod e dh' fhàg tana, glas mo ghruaidh—
Ciod e theap m' fhalachadh 'san uaigh
Ach buaireadair na dunach so !
Hil ù, &c.

A fhleasgaich òig, ma tha thu saor
Fan, fan mar sin, mar 'eil thu 'n déidh
Air cridhe trom, air cadal faoin,
'S do leabaidh 'bhi mar chuileann duit.
Hil ù, &c.

An té 'bhios bòidheach fad' thar càch
Cha n-fhaigh thu còir oirre le stràic;
Na taobh ri òinnseich—cha n-i 's feàrr—
Bi'dh 'fàbhair-s' aig na h-uile fear.
Hil ù, &c.

Nam bithinn 'tòiseachadh as ùr,
An òg-bhean anns an cuirinn ùidh;
Gu 'n tugainn pòg dh'i anns gach cùil—
B' e 'rùn sud ged robh tuille ann.
Hil ù, &c.

An leannan ràpach bi'dh 'san fhéigh,
An leannan nàrach cha dean feum,
An leannan dàn gheibh 'ghnàth 'chuid féin,
'S còrr uair cuid chàich a thuill' air sud.
Hil ù, &c.

TUIREADH AN FHIR A PHÒS AN TÉ NACH ÒLADH TÌ.

Fonn,—"The Laird of Cockpen."

"A Bhàrda, ma 's *fior* aingealan
Na mnathan so mu 'm pòs iad,
C' arson a tha na h-uibhir dhiu
'Nan deamhain 'san staid chòmhlaich ?"
SEANN ORAN.

'Illean, nach mise 'bha 'm bhurraidh bochd, truagh ?
'N uair bha mi gun phòsadh chreid mi na chual'
'Us thuirt mi, Le Màiri 's math dheth bhios mì,
Oir fanaidh mo Mhàiri buileach o 'n tì.

Fanaidh mo Mhàiri buileach o 'n òl,—
A'n àite a béil theid an gloine r'a sròin ;
Cha n-ionann 's na banagan 'sgobas as trì—
'Us fanaidh mo Mhàiri buileach o 'n tì.

'S ro mhath mo Mhàiri 'bhleodhann na spréidh,
Tha i gu cinnteach taghte air gréis ;
'S eòlach, air cuibhioll i, clobhaidh i 'n lìon,
'Us fanaidh mo Mhàiri buileach o 'n tì.

Ach thachair am pòsadh, dh' ath'raich an duan—
Faic sinn nis còmhla 'm bothan na truaigh :
Thainig na pàisdean, Ochain, a rìgh !
'Us dh' amais mo Mhàiri dol air an tì.

'Us geda tha 'n olainn gun ghainne mu 'n spàrr,
Sealluibh am burraidh 's na *ragan* m' a chlàr!
'S aithne dh'i 'n gloine 'chur beagan na's ìsl',
'Us Ochain, mo leòn! cha n-fhan i bho 'n tì.

'S ged tha i air dheireadh car beag air an fhuaigh'l,
S leath' 'n t-urram air *clobhadh*, 's tha 'bhlàth air mo chnuaic!
Le olcas a bleoghainn chaidh 'Chean-fhionn 'an dìosg'
'S gu 'n cumadh i obair ri tobar le tì.

Mo thruaigh air fear falamh a gheibh té le stràic,
Mo thruaigh co 'sam bith e 'gheibh aon nigh'n a màth'r,
Mo thruaigh thar a h-uile nì fear mar tha mì
A thuiteas air banaig do 'n iodhal an tì!

GEUG THAOBH-LOCH-AICE.

FONN,—"Soraidh leis a mhaighdein a tha fo ghruainn," &c.

Guma slàn do 'n rìbhinn
  Do 'n d' tug mi luadh—
Taobh Loch-aice 'dh' fhàsas
  Geug bhlàth nam buadh.

Guma slàn do 'n òigh ud—
'S math thuirt iad Nic-*Ceòl* rith',—
Aobhar-*ciùil* gach òigeir
  'Chuireas dòigh air duan.
          Guma slàn, &c.

'S ann 'sa' chlachan dhùmhail
Ghabh mi beachd an tùs ort;
'S 'nuair bha càch ri ùrnuigh
  Bha mo shùil-s' ort shuas.
          Guma slàn, &c.

'N uair a sheinn an còmhlan
Cha robh m' inntinn còmhl' riuth';
'S geda labhradh Pòl ann,
  Bhiodh Nic-Ceòl 'am smuain.
          Guma slàn, &c.

Tha uchd àrd na finne
Mar shneachd ùr na beinne
Geal, ach blàth mar theine—
  Còmhnuidh muillion buaidh.
          Guma slàn, &c.

Tha 'dà shùil mar reultaibh
'Bhios ri oidhche Céitein
'Coimhead á gorm-speuraibh
Orra féin 'sa' chuan.
Guma slàn, &c.

'Ainnir a' bheòil chùbhraidh,
'S fad' o'n tha mo rùn ort;
Nis ma gheibh mi diùltadh
'S leannan ùr dhomh 'n uaigh.
Guma slàn, &c.

'S truagh nach robh mi, 'eudail
Mar riut ris an spréidh 'n sud;
Laidhinn air an fhraoch leat,
'S tu ri m' thaobh mar uan.
Guma slàn, &c.

Ann ad bhroilleach càirdeil
Sheallainn sìos air ban-righ,
'S chumadh fiamh do ghàire
Mi gu bràth o 'n uaigh!
Guma slàn, &c.

CUMHA DHÒNUILL

Fonn,—"Tha mise 'n so 'm laidhe," &c.

An dè 'n lagan na h-àiridh,
   Ann an sgàth nan geug uaine,
Chualas tuireadh aig ògan,
   'S mar so thòisich a dhuanag:—
Ma 's fear eile 'gheibh Màiri
   'N deigh gach blàth-ghealladh 'fhuair mi,
Cia mar bhitheas mi slàn deth?
   B' fheàrr, O! b' fheàrr anns an uaigh mi.

Cia mar bhitheas mi slàn dheth?
   'S tu co tràth air mo leònadh
Le d' chùl leadanach, àrbhuidh—
   Le d' shùil bhlàth, mheallach, mhòdhar—
Leis gach mireadh a's mànran
   'Rinn mi phàirteachadh còmhl' riut
Trìc mu bhuaile 'chruidh-bhainne,
   Far nach b' annas dhomh pòg uait!

Far nach b' annas dhomh pòg uait—
   Sìnnte sèamh air an fhraoch leat,
Mi ri 'm chridhe 'gad fhasgadh,
   'S do ghruaidh nàrach 'toirt sgeil dhomh
Gu'n robh 'lasadh 'nad bhroilleach
   A cheart teine 'bha 'm chré fein;
Broilleach geal nan cìoch àrda—
   'Bhi mar tha nis co 'shaoileadh!

B' e sud broilleach na maise,
   Bhiodh an gruth lamh ris duaichnidh ;
Fàth mo mhulaid, tha snas *air*
   Cian nas pailte na truas *ann* !
Amhuil seòbhrag an t-samhraidh
   'Cinn 'sa' gheamhradh air uairibh ;
Amhuil fearann cruaidh, reòite,
   'S an sneachd bòidheach air uachdar !

Ciod, a ghaoil, rinn do mhealladh
   'N uair a ghabhadh tu seann duin',
Aois 'ga lùbadh gu talamh,
   A's e mar ris 'na bhantraich ?
Ma tha cuid *aig'* tha clith *uaith ;*—
   'S ciod a dh' ìocas e 'm annsachd
Mar 'h-'eil *gini* 'na sporan
   Gun m' a choinneamh snaim theann air ?

'N uair tha bodaich an talaimh
   'Togail orra le'n liath-chinn,
H-uile fear mar a's sine
   Thun na caileig a's briaighe—
'Fhir ud shuas anns a' ghealaich,
   Leat gu h-ealamh ri d' chlia'ich té ;—
'S iomad té le gruaidh ròsaich
Tha 'n diugh aig pròimhidh 's neo-sgiamhaich'!

ANNA AOBHACH.

FONN,—"Kelvin Grove."

Tuigainn aon uair eile 'n Dùn, Anna aobhach O,
Far am fan an eilid lùth'r, Anna aobhach O,
Far an cinn a' choille dlùth,
'S am bi 'n uiseag ri *gu gùg*
Cian romh aon ait' eile 's du'ich, Anna aobhach O,

Far am beil na cluaintean gorm, Anna aobhach O,
'S na h-uillt chama 's binne toirm, Anna aobhach O;
Far am faicear cuirn nan laoch,
Far an guirme bhios am fraoch,
'S an tric 'dhearbh thu dhomh do ghaol, Anna aobhach O,

O! bu sona, sona sinn, Anna aobhach O,
Ciod a chuireadh oirnn 'san ám, Anna aobhach O?
Uair a' dearcadh air na neòil,
Uair mar uiseagan ri ceòl,
Uair a 'toirt 's a' faighinn phòg, Anna aobhach O.

'S feàrr gu mòr *aon* druid 'an sealbh, Anna aobhach O,
Na *dà* smeòrach an deidh falbh, Anna aobhach O,
Fhathast dhuinn, ma tà, do 'n Dùn;
'S mar bi pòg 'us ceòl 'us rùn
Againn ann na coirich Dugh'll, Anna aobhach O.

SÌNE RÙNACH.

FONN,—"Mo ghile guanach," &c.

Hugorinn ù o na hi lin ù o,
Air Sìne rùnach gu 'n togainn fonn ;
Mi 'n so 'am aonar 's mi fad' o 'n rìbhinn,
Gur beag an t-ionadh ged robh e trom.

O Shìne bhòidheach nan gruaidhean ròsach,
Gu 'n d' thug thu leòn domh nach leighis léigh ;—
Mo chridhe cràidhte—cha saighdean stàilinn
A ghaid a shlàinte ach saighdean gaoil.
Hugorinn ù o, &c.

A leannain aobhaich,—gun chrodh gun chaoirich
Gun òr gun daoine thu geda thà,
Nam faiceadh rìgh thu—le maise d' ìomhaigh,
Bu leat a rìgheachd, bu leat a làmh.
Hugorinn ù o, &c.

Tha meall-shuil m' eudail-s' air dath nan speura,
'S a ruisg mar neòil gheal 'ga falach orm ;
'N àm sealltuinn suas oirr' cha tearc 'am smuaintibh
An sneachd a' cuairteachadh lochan gorm.
Hugorinn ù o, &c.

Tha sgiamh do-innseadh 'nad ghruaidhibh mìn-dhearg,
Tha d' uchd fo 'n t-sìoda mar shneachd fo 'n cheò,
'S do leadan teud-bhuidh mu d' chùl a' tearnadh
Mar bhogh' nan speur 'us an fhras 'ga chòir.
Hugorinn ù o, &c.

Ged their luchd-tuaileis nach leannan buan mi
Na creid, a luaidh, O, na creid an sgeul ;—
Tha iuchair-tasgaidh mo chridh' 'ad làmhaibh,
'S ma ni e d' fhàgail, do choire féin.
Hugorinn ù o, &c.

Do choire féin e mar bithinn réidh riut
'S tu 'd iodhal-aoraidh cho mór do m' chrì—
Mu'n tig an uair ud 's an toir mi fuath dhuit
Bi'dh 'mhàthair suarach m' a leanabh-cìch.
Hugorinn ù o, &c.

ÒRAN.

FONN,—"Cuachag nan craobh."

A bhàrda nan tom 'sheinneas co ghrinn,
Sguiribh d' ur binn-cheòlan
Subhach, 'us leam cuiribh ri fonn
'Fhreagaireas conn leòinte :—
Nam bu leam féin comas na sgéith,
Dh' fhanainn gu léir còmhl' ribh ;
Gheibh sibh le chéil' sonas 'sa' ghaol,
Nì 'tha 'na chlaoidh dhòmhsa !

'M fac' sibh an drùchd air an ròs ùr,
Sud aguibh sùil m' uain-sa ;
Mar 'ur ceòl féin madàinn na gréin',
'S ionnan bho 'beul duanag ;—

Leadan mar òr 'ruigheachd g' a bròig,
'S rionnag measg slòigh 'ghruagach;
B' fheàrr 'bhi gu dùr 'cadal 'san ùir
Na i bhi chaoidh fuar rium.

Fuar rium ged thà thusa 'n diugh, 'ghràidh,
Cunnaic mi là 's b' fhaoilidh
Gheibhinn do phog, bridodal do bheòil,
Toiseach do sgeòil ghlé-bhinn;
Aidmheil do ghràidh, gealladh do làmh
'Thabhairt air beul cléir dhomh:
Mairg air gill' òg 'dh' earbas á òigh—
'Se 'geallaidhnean ceò 'Chéitein!

Eiridh a' ghrian moch-thrath 'na briadh's,
'S theid ceathach nan sliabh 'fhuadach;
'S ma thig fear-stòir 'shireadh na h-òigh,
Cha leannan na's mò 'm buachaill';—
C' àit 'eil an té sin tha fo 'n ghréin
Nach dean am *fear buidhe* 'bhuaireadh?
'N dearbh leannan-sìth, iodhal an cridh'—
Robair mo shìth, 's m' fhuadh-s' e.—

Chunnaic mi 'n dé calman gu faoin
'Dùrdail ri té spòrsail;
Thug e rith' cùl, lean i gu dlùth,
Chinn i gu ciùin, còir ris;—
Rabhadh dhomh féin—stad ort, mo dheur,
M' osnaich gu léir fog'ream,
'S co 's urradh ràdh nach toir an té bhàn
Dhomh fathast ceann-fàth sòlais?

OIGHRIG DHONN.

FONN,—"This is no my plaid," &c.

'S toigh leam féin i, m' Oighrig dhonn,
Oighrig dhonn, bhuidhe-dhonn ;
'S toigh leam féin i, m' Oighrig dhonn,
'Chionn gur toigh le m' annsachd mi.

Oighrig dhonn na malaidh caoil,
'S òg a bhuin d'ì m' uile ghaol ;
'S cha n-'eil aon neach eil' a's t-saogh'l
Do 'n d' thug ise gaol ach mi.
'S toigh leam féin &c.

'N uair a chunnaic mi i 'n tùs,
Mheath mo chridhe, thuit mo dhùil ;
Shaoil mi nach bu lugh' na diùchd
Dheanadh cùis le gràdh-mo-chrì.
'S toigh leam féin, &c.

Theich na smuaintean ud mar sgàil,—
Cha robh uaill innt' réir a h-àill' ;
Amhuil uan 'an cois a mhàth'r,
Nì ach gràdh cha b' aithne dh'ì.
'S toigh leam féin &c.

'S geal an lilidh bheag fo bhraon,
'S geal an canach air an raon,
'S ro gheal gathana na gréin,
'S gile ceud uair m' Oighrig fhìn !
'S toigh leam féin &c.

Cha n-e 'gruaidh a bhi cho dearg,
Ach a cridhe 'bhi gun cheilg,
'S a cliú uile 'bhi gun mheirg,
'Chuir gu dearbh mi air a tì.
'S toigh leam fein, &c.

RANNAN AIR FEAR A BHA COMHARRAICHTE AIR SON CEILGE.

'Shàtain, 's iomad ainm a fhuair thu,—
Nathair—Buaireadair—Mac-mallachd—
An Leòmh'n-beuchdach,—'s cha tearc uair a
Their an sluagh gu'n rath riut Donus—
An Droch-spiorad—'s móran eile
'Dh-ainmibh onoireach, gun mheirge;
Ach, gun taing dhuit, cha tu tuille
Athair urramach na Ceilge.

"Co e nis?" am beil thu 'g ràdh rium?
B' fhurasd' dhòmhsa sin duit ìnnseadh,
Ach tha eagal orm, 'nad àrdan,
Gu'n toir thu do bhràthair 'na mhìribh:
Nam b' e onoir 'sam bith eile
Ach so 'chailleadh tu, gur dearbh leam
Nach b' fhiach leat gu tur a spadadh,
Athair fad-theangach na Ceilge.

"Coma leatsa sin an tràsa;—
Innis dhomh co è am fiùran,—

'S ann tha shannt orm, tha mi 'g ràdh riut,
Anns an dreuchd so 'fhaicinn crùinte;
Le cròic daimhe, brògaibh asail,
'S earball measain, 'se bhios dealbhach—
'S air clàr 'aghaidh sgrìobhte bithidh
"S mise Tighearna na Ceilge."

Earball! adaircean! air m' fhìrinn,
'Shatain, tha sin glè mhath uaitsa—
Ach cha n-'eil aon neach a chì e
'Chreideas mara tà gur uan e;—
'S e 'bhi coltach ris an t-sionnach
Air am beil 's an robh e 'sealg riamh;
'S coma leis a h-uile duine
Athair sliomaireach na Ceilge!

DUANAG.

FONN,—" Banarach dhonn a chruidh."

LUINNEAG.

Guidheam slàinte do 'n ùr-mhnaoi,
Ainnir bhlàth nan sùil dù'-ghorm,
'G am beil gruaidh air dath 'n ùr-ròis,
'S anail chùbhraidh mar 'fhàile.

Teichidh caora bho h-uanan—
Cha bhi 'ceud-ghin ach suarach
An sealladh màth'r an là 'ghluaiseas
As mo smuain-sa 'n té bhàn-bhuidh'.
Guidheam slàinte &c.

" Coma leam !" arsa 'n éiteag,
'N uair a chuir mi 'an céill sud—
" Nam biodh fìrinn 'ad sgeula
'S fad' o'n rinn thu dhomh dàn beag.
Guidheam slàinte &c.

" Mhol thu Mairearad," thuirt ì rium,
Fada, fada thar fìrinn"
Faodaidh bith, fhreagair mi, 'luaidh—
'S fhurasd aon rionnag 'àireamh.
Guidheam slàinte &c.

Ach leth maise mo Ròsain
'Chùr a' sìos ann an òran—

Bu mhath 'n obair sud dhòmhsa
Ged bu bheò gu là bhràth mi!
Guidheam slàinte &c.

Faodaidh 'n sneachd cinn nas gile,
Faodaidh 'n druid cinn nas binne,
Ach cha n-urradh do 'n fhinn' ud
Cinn nas grinne na thà i.
Guidheam slàinte &c.

Sguiream, sguiream de m' ranntachd—
Cha n-fhear lapach 'an cainnt'reachd
Do 'n tig idir 'bhi cannt'reachd
Air grian an t-samhraidh a' deàrsadh!
Guidheam slàinte &c.

DUANAG.

FONN,—" 'Ille dhuinn, 's toigh leam thu," &c. no, " Mo nighean dubh 'dh' fhàs bòidheach, dubh," &c.

A nighean donn nam mala crom,
A nighean donn nan caoin-shuil,
A nighean donn bho 'm binne fonn,
Gur mór mo gheall air d' fhaotuinn.

A nighean donn a's grinne cruth,
A's binne guth 's a's caoine,
Ge geal an cobhar air an t-sruth
'S ann bhiodh e dubh ri d' thaobh-sa.
A nighean &c.

Mo rùn a' chaileag luinneagach,
Deagh bhanarach na spréidhe,
'S nach géill 'an seòmar uinneagach
'Dh' aon chruinneig 'tha 'n Dun-édin.
A nighean &c.

Co 'sheallas air na gruaidhean sin
Gun luaidh a thoirt do m' eudail?
Co aon uair chunna 'mhìog-shuil sinn
Gun lasadh crì nach tréig e?
A nighean &c.

Té eil' air bhith, d' a sgiamhaichead,
'Nad fhianuis-sa cha leur dhomh;

'S ann tha thu 'measg nan nianagan
  Ceart mar tha 'ghrian measg reultan.
          A nighean &c.

O 's truagh 'bhi 'n so air Galldachd
  'N uair tha 'n Samhradh 'us mo cheud rùn
A' strìth co 's grinne dheàlraicheas
  An tràsa air Gleann-créran!
          A nighean &c.

Cha tugainn air bhi 'm dhiùchd cead 'bhi
  Le m' rùn 'am bothan-gheugaibh,
'S cha ghabhainn coron òir air son
  Bhi 'n sud a' pògadh m' éiteig.
          A nighean &c.

A rùin, nam biodh tu deònach air,
  'S ar càirdean uile réidh ruinn,
Cha chuirinn tuille dàlach ann—
  Am màireach bu leam féin thu!
          A nighean &c.

FLÙRAN EILEAN NAN TONN.

FONN,—" Tha mi trom, duilich, trom, airtnealach, cianail," &c.

'S laoghach leam, 's toigheach leam,
'S laoghach leam Sìne;
'S laoghach leam, 's toigheach leam,
Flùran Eilean nan tonn;
Nam biodh Sìne 'n diugh leam,
B' fhada thall mì-ghean.

Sìne chaoin nam bas geala
Nam biodh daonnan 'am shealladh,
Cha n-'eil rìgh air an talamh
Bhos nach seallainn a sìos air.
'S laoghach, &c.

Mar neòil-mhaidne a' chéitein
Tha gruaidh ruiteach na h-éiteig,
'S leadan-feasgair na gréine
Feumaidh géill thoirt d' a mìn-chul.
'S laoghach, &c.

'Oigh a's banaile giùlan,
Bu leòir plath' dhiot air ùrlar
'Dh' fhàgail Bhan-tighearnan tùrsach,
'S a thoirt Dhuìchdan fo chìs duit.
'S laoghach leam, &c.

'Fhir a mholas an fhaoileann,
Seall air muinneal mo ghaoil-sa;

'S a dà mheall-shuil—co shaoileadh
  Gu 'm biodh reultan cho ìseal!
        'S laoghach leam, &c.

Do bheul binnealach, ròsach,
Nàile 's mise nach sòradh
Air son mionaid 'g a phògadh
  A dhol ràidhe do 'n phrìosan.
        'S laoghach leam, &c.

Och mo chreach air an éiginn!
'S truagh an nochd 'bhi gun m' eudail;—
Nam biodh m' ulaidh ri m' thaobh ann
  Dheanainn Eden de *Ghreenland.*
        'S laoghach leam, &c.

Stadam! stadam! mo Ghràdh geal!
Sud i tighinn,—fiamh-ghàir oirr',—
Cuist, mo chridhe! cum d' àite—
  Gheibh thu 'm bàs le toil-inntinn.
        'S laoghach leam, &c.

GAID BEAN NA BAINNSE.*

FONN,—"Blue bonnets over the border;" &c. no, "Gillean na fhéilidh."

"So, so, 'illean! 'si 'bhanais i!
So, so, ithibh 'us òlaibh;
So, so, bithibh gu sonasach,—
'S beag tha de ghainne air Baran na Sròine!"
Biadhchar 'us buidealach
Bha 'chuirm, ach b' fhadalach
Coslas na caileig 'b' aig ceann a' bhùird shòghair;
Ciod a chuir mulad oirr'?
'S aithne do thuille 's domh—
'S fada tha 'luran 'o ainnir an òr-fhuilt.

"Greas! greas! a Dheòrs', thar na mullaichean,
Greas, coma leat boineid na brògan;—
Greas! greas! ceathrar fhear ullamh leat—
Thug iad do leannan do Bhodach Ghlinn-crò 'n diugh."
O! 's siubhlach an iolair, tha
Ghaoth air bàrr tuinne luath,
Tha, ach cha chumadh iad sealladh air Deòrsa;
Faic mar an dealanach
Null thar a' bhealach e—
Eiridh an donus do Bhodach Ghlinn-crò 'nochd!

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* Iadsan aig am beil brath air a chor anns an robh a' Ghàeldachd ciad-gu-leth bliadhna roimh 'n àm so, cha ghabh iad iongantas ri chluinntinn gu'n do thachair an nì air am beil "Gaid Bean na Bainnse" air a dhealbh anns a h-uile car, ceart mar tha 'n t-òran a leigeadh ris, agus sin ri cuimhne seanair an Ughdair. Bha gaid mhnathan Bainnse aon uair 'na nì cumanta 's a' Ghàeldachd.

Cuist ! cuist ! cluinnibh a bhruidhinn ud—
" Mort ! mort ! mo bheatha—mo Mhòr uam !"
" Mach, mach, mach air an uinneig leath !"
Theich an té bhuidhe le leannan a h-òige.
  Mar bheacha 'n deigh 'm buaireadh,
  Gach neach mar bu luaithe,
Thog, ìseal a's uasal, a mach thun na tòrachd,
  A sabhall a's seilleir
  Le cabhaig a pheileir—
" O! dusan bò bhainne 'dh' fhear 'bheireas air Dònull!"

" 'S mall, 's mall, a bhodaich ! a leanas tu—
Pill, pill, 's dean cailleach a phòsadh ;"—
" 'S tinn, 's tinn mo chridhe le toileachas—
Pòg mi,—cha bheir iad oirnn tuille, a Dhònuill."
  Bha mhad'neag ag éiridh
  'S iad 'ruigheachd Ghlinn-aoraidh ;
Chaidh 'n òinseach a ghleusadh, chaidh 'chuideachd 'an òrdugh ;
  Rain' iad an crùisle—
  Chaidh 'n sagart a dhùsgadh,
'S 'an cneas fir a b' fhiù leath' bha, 'n ùine bheag, Mòrag.

ÒRAN.

AIR FONN,—"Bithidh fonn oirre daonnan," &c.

An diugh ged 's fada bhuam i,
'Am bruadair bha mi 'n raoir le
Bean mheachair a' chùil ruadh-bhuidh,'
'S nan gruaidh air dath a' chaorainn ;—
Bu sunntach, sona bhà sin,
Ach theich na sgàilean teagmhach,
'Us dh' fhàg iad mis' 'am ònar
Gu dubhach, brònach, deurach.

O 's mise tha gu cianail
Bho 'n rinn Catriana m' fhàgail ;
Tha aon lá leam mar bhliadhna
A fianuis bean a h-àilleachd ;
Mar naoidhein air a' ghlùn mi,
'N aon mhionaid caointeach, gàireach :—
A Ghaol, 's tu 'n galar neònach,
'Se 'n dòchas cuid a's feàrr dhiot!

'Se 'n dòchas cuid a's feàrr dhiot—
Mar sheòladair nan cuaintean,
A' stiuireadh air son tìr' nach
'Eil ach a mhàin 'na smuaintibh,
Bho chala ciùin na Saorsa
Gu muir a' Ghaoil gu'n d' ghluais mi ;
'S a nis ma gheibh mi tràighe
Och ! 's ann a mhàin 'am bruadair.

Ma 's ann a mhàin 'am brúadair
  A gheibh mi, 'luaidh, do bhrìodal,
C' arson a fhuair thu 'bhlàth-shuil
  D' an sleuchdadh eadhon naomha ?
C' arson bha riamh do chòmhradh
  Cho binn ri ceòl nan teud leam ?
'S tu uile mar ròs gàraidh,
  Fad', fad' thar càch 'an ceutachd !

O! 'se ro mheud do cheutachd,
  'S luchd-spréidh 'bhi tuigh 'an tì ort
'Dh' fhàg dubhachas 'am ghruaidhibh—
  Tha oidhche bhuan air m' inntinn ;
Mo bheannachd leis gach sùgradh—
  Gu'n teich mi 'Dhù'ich na Dì-chuimhn' !
An cridh' tha tur gun dòchas
  'Se chur fo 'n fhòid bheir sìth dha !

BEANNACHD AN EILTHIREICH ÒIG LE A LEANNAN.

FONN,—"Farewell to Fionary."

Ge dearg mo shuil cha n-ann chionn lochd,
'S cha n-e 'bhi 'fàgail tìr nan cnoc
A dhùisg an osnadh thric dhomh 'nochd
Ach Lilidh fhaicinn smalanach.

LUINNEAG.

'Bhi toirt cùlaobh riut, a Ghaoil!
'Bhi toirt cùlaobh riut, a Ghaoil!
B' fhasa cùl thoirt ris an t-saogh'l
Na ri Flùr caoin a Bhaile sud.

'Ainnir òg an òr-fhuilt mhìn,
B' fheàrr bhi còmhl' riut na bhi 'm rìgh;
'N gaol a dh' fhàs 'n uair bha sinn crìon,
Mo làmh dhuit, chaoidh cha dealaich rium.
'Bhi toirt &c.

B' òg a chunnaic mi do sgèimh—
B' òg a ghabh thu 'm chridhe freumh—
B' òg is beag nach deachaidh nèamh
Le d' mhànran binn as m' aire tur.
'Bhi toirt &c.

Ged their càch, a rùin, gu faoin,
Gu 'm faigh mi té eile 'n céin

Laidhidh 'n eighe 'n cneas na gréin'
Mu 'n tig aon *stéin* 'nam ghealladh dhuit.
Bhi toirt &c.

Beannachd leat an tràs',—ach chì
Thu mi fhathast :—'N uair a bhìos
Dachaidh ullaichte, gu 'n sgrìob
Mi null do thìr nan crannaibh thu.
'Bhi toirt, &c.

ÒRAN.

FONN,—" 'Se dhùisg cho grad á m' shuain mi," &c.

Aon fheasgar, 's mi taobh *Shìradh*,
Ban-rìgh nan sruth tlàth,
A' dearcadh, ait, air ìomhaigh
Nan craobh oirre 'snàmh,
Gu 'n cualas guillan òg
'Seinn gu dòigheil aig làimh—
" Gun taing d' a tàir, gu h-ùir
'Si mo rùn Eilidh bhàn !

'S mi 'n so mar eathar shuarach
Ri cuairteig a' strìth ;
Mar dean mo leannan fuasgladh,
'S e 's dual dhomh dol sìos ;
Ach thog luchd eud a's tuaileis
Rium cruaidh-reodh' 'na crì,

'S ged fhliuch an deur mo ghruaidh, nis
  Cha truagh leath' mo chaoidh.

Nam biodh mo chridhe, 'ghaolaich,
  Dhuit leughte 'ga chùl,
Gu 'm faiceadh tu 'n sin fìrinn
  'Us gaol duit nach muth;
Gu 'm faiceadh tu, ged 's fuar thu,
  Nach suain dhomh gun thù,
'S a ghaoil nach fada 'm bàs uam
  Mar tàlaidh thu rium.

C' arson a thug mo rìbhinn
  D' a cìbeir riamh gaol?
C' arson mar aingeal dhàsan
  Bha h-àilleachd 's a neul?
C' arson nach b' ann 'san uaigh dha
  Mu 'n d' fhuaras an sgeul
Luchd-stòir bhi oirre 'n tì,
  'S i d' am brìodal 'toirt géill?

Ach ciod a' bhuaidh tha 'n stòras?
  Air mhòid a's gu 'm bi
Aig fear a' chridhe chruaidh,
  Faodaidh m' uan-sa bhi 'n dìth;
Nach b' annsa leat an t-òigear
  Nach leònadh do shìth
Le criombaireachd no cànran,
  'S a ghràdh'cheas tu chaoidh?

Air ràdh sud chunnas òigh
  'Teachd bho 'n òg-choill aig làimh;

'S i Eilidh, Eilidh féin
  A bha 'g éisdeachd r'a dhàn!
Le gàirdeanaibh geal, sgaoilte
  Do leum i 'na dhàil,
'S 'ga phògadh, ars' i "'Eudail,
  An déigh so bi slàn!"

SÌNE BHUIDH' MHEALL-SHUILEACH ÒG.

FONN,—"Tam Glen."

Tha 'n samhradh a' tighinn gu h-ealamh,
  O 's milis a cheana na h-eòin;
Nis seinnidh mi òran do m' leannan—
  Mo Shìne bhuidh', mheall-shuileach, òg.

Tha 'n t-seòbbrag, an neòinean, 's an lilidh
  'Tiugh-chinn air gach tulach a's lòn,
'S iad a' strìth, ach gu dìomhain, 'an gile
  Ri Sìne bhuidh', mheall-shuileach, òg.

Tha 'cùl bàn mar chiabh àrbhuidh na gealaich
  'N uair, gu nàrach, tha h-imeachd measg neòil;
Tha uchd mìn, corrach, caoin-gheal mar chanach,
  Aig Sìne bhuidh', mheall-shuileach, òg.

Fhuair i fàile an ròis air son anail,
  A dhath air son bilean nam pòg;
Tha guth blàth mar fhonn tlàth o chlàr aingeil
  Aig Sìne bhuidh', mheall-shuileach, òg.

Ged bhitheadh lionn-dubh air mo dhalladh,
'S i 'ghrian ud 'ni sgarradh mar cheò,—
Oir dhomh féin, mar an Céitein do 'n talamh,
Tha Sìne bhuidh', mheall-shuileach, òg.

Tha ìseal 'us uasal 'ga sireadh,
Ach thug i a geallaidhnean dhòmhs',
'S b'fheàrr leath''m bàs fhulang tràth na mo charadh,
Mo Shìne bhuidh', mheall-shuileach, òg.

ÒRAN.

Air Fonn,—"Latha dhomh bhi 's taigh-òsda;" &c. *or*, "Lochaber no more."

Mile tubaist, a Ghaoil, ort!
'M bi thu daonnan 'gam leòn'?
'M feum Eu-dòchas 'us Gràdh chaoidh
Làmh 'an làimh tigh'n air Eòbh'n?
Ma 's e 'm fear a's moth' feudail
A gheibh 'n aoidheachd a's mò
Fhathast—beannachd le m' eudail-s'
Tha luchd-spréidh air a tòir.

'Fhir nach d' fhairich an gaol riamh,
Seall air aodann mo luaidh
Seall, 'us innis dhomh 'n déidh sin
'Bheil do shìth mar bu dual;

Ged nach aithne dh'i fèin e
  'S tric a reub i mo shuain-s',
'S ged nach d' innis mi 'chàch e
  'S léir a bhlàth air mo ghruaidh.

Chuireadh muinneal mo leannain-s'
  Eud air eala nan tonn,
Gar an tearc 'ga leth-fhalach,
  A cùl camagach, donn;
'S tric an uiseag bho 'n speur 'teachd,
  Ait, a dh-éisdeachd nam pong
'Thig bho 'beul 's a' ghleann uanach
  S an tric 'am bruadair i leam.

'S tric mo bhruadair 'g am thoirt mi
  Gu Ardghartan nan cluan,
Far, mar aingeal gu h-ìseal,
  'N tuinich rìbhinn nam buadh;
Far am b' fheàrr leam bhi còmhla
  Ri Anna bhòidhich 'an uaimh,
Na bhi mar ri nigh'n Iarla
  'An àros sgiamhach nan stuadh.

O! nach robh mis' a's m' Anna,
  Gun neach tuille 'shìol Adhaimh,
Ann an eilein os n-ìseal—
  Ciod a dheanainn de m' ghràdh?
Dheanadh fìor iodhal-aoraidh—
  Cuspair mìle binn-dhàn;
Dhortainn m' fhuil—'s cha bu chruaidh leam—
  Nam b' ann bho 'n uaigh g'a toirt là.

'Fhir a's luaithe a thearnas
Sìos gleann fraochach nam bò,
Feuch am faic thu a' ghruagach
'S grinne snuadh a measg slòigh;
Innis, innis do 'n éiteig
Mar tha 'gaol 'gam chlaoidh beò,
'S nach 'eil fada gu h-ùir dhomh
Mar faigh mi Flùran Ghlinn'-crò!

DUANAG.

Air Fonn,—"Tha mo rùn air a' ghille," &c.

Luinneag.

Thogainn fonn air an nighinn,
Thogainn fonn, 's cha b' ann gu righinn;
An té 'thoill 'sa fhuair mo chridhe—
'S gle thric leatha 'm shuain mi.

Biodh bàird eile fhad 's is àill leo
'Seinn mu mhaisealachd a' Mhaigh dhuibh,
Ach 's i cuspair grinn mo dhàin-sa
Sìne bhàn nan gruaidh dearg.
Thogainn fonn &c.

Co 's a' bhaile ri là féile
'Ni na caileagan co eudmhor,

Sùil nan gillean òg gu léir oirr'?
 Co ach reul nam buadh so!
  Thogainn fonn &c.

Anns a' chlachan cia mar 's dùth do
Dh-aon neach eile bhi 's mo rùn ann,
'S gun e 'n urrainn fear na cùbaid
 Féin a shùil thoirt uaipe?
  Thogainn fonn &c.

'S binn an uiseag anns an iarmailt,
'S binn 'san fhireach 'sheinneas liath-truisg,
'S binne muillion uair mo chiall-sa
 'Toirt dho' 'briadhra 'n uaigneas.
  Thogainn fonn &c.

Mar dhriùchd meal' air bile ròsain,
'S ann tha blas 'us dreach a beòilein;
Tha 'deud geal mar chneapain neòinean
 'Bhios clann òg 'cur suas tric.
  Thogainn fonn &c.

'An àm binneas thoirt 'o theudaibh,
Measg nan cruinneagan air 'déil' thu
Mar an eala bhàn measg fhaoileann
 Air uchd Caoil a' gluasad.
  Thogainn fonn &c.

Mar an t-earrach leam, a rùin, thu,
Cha n-eil là nach 'eil buaidh ùr ort;
'S éiginn Oisian féin a dhùsgadh
 'Thoirt do chliù le fuaim dhuinn!
  Thogainn fonn &c.

AM BRUADAR.

Fonn,—“Burns' parting with Highland Mary.”

Am fac' sibh a' gheug uasal, 'ghabh cruaidh-fhreumh 'am aire-sa?
Am faca sibh a' ghruagach a's truacainte crì?
Ach O! tha 'sùil cho buadhach—tha uaislean a' tarruing rith',—
Mo thruaighe air fear falamh 's gaol a chridhe aige dh'ì!

An raoir gu 'n robh mi còmhla ri Ròsan an Leth-bhaile,
An raoir gu 'n robh mi còmhl' rith', ach O! 'sann 'am shuain,
'Sinn sint' air toman bhlàithean—á làmh gheal-sa leth-tharam,
'S bu dlùithe na ghlac eidheannach riamh craobh ghlac mise 'n t-uan.

'S goirt màthair 'n uair tha 'n t-eug air a ceud-ghin a sgaradh uaip',
O 's cruaidh do neach 'ga bhàthadh, am bàrc sin a shaoil
E 'thigeadh a thoirt fuasglaidh, 'bhi uaith clis a' carachadh,—
Bu chruaidhe na sud faireachadh, 'us dealachadh ri m' ghaol!

Nam faighinnse, O shaoghail! aon nì 'sam bith shirinn diot,
'S an còrr air fad 'bhi 'm dhìth, an sin cul-thaobh gun dàil
Ri peathraichibh, ri bràithribh, ri slàinte, ri beatha
Air son eadhon aona latha de ghaol cridhe na té bàin'!

MO THRI LEANNANAN.

FONN,—“ 'S mi 'm shuidhe 'm aonar,” &c.

De thrì leannànan tagham céile—
Tha 'h-uile té dhiubh 'na leug ro ghrinn ;—
Chuir gruaidhean Sìne gu nàir' na ròsan,
'S cha bhuidhe 'n t-òr làmh r' a leadan mìn ;
Tha broilleach Seònaid mar shneachd nam mòr-chruach,
'S gun dad ach neò-chiontas 'fanachd ann ;
Ach O 's e 'n draoidheachd tha 'n sùilibh maoth-ghorm
Mo Mhair'rad ghaolach 'chuir car 'am cheann.

An uair a bhitheas mo chridhe ìseal
Cha n-fhada Sìne 'ga chur air ghleus ;
'N uair thig i làmh rium, le 'h-aghaidh ghàireach,
Gu 'n teich mo bhròn mar an ceò romh 'n ghréin ;—
'N uair bhios mo shòlas ro theann air gòraich,
'Se stuamachd Seònaid do 'n tugainn géill ;
Nam biodh an reul ud an còmhnuidh 'deàrsadh,
Bu ro mhath 'n càs sud gu m' chur á' m' chéill.

A Mhair'rad mhìogach ! gach uair a chì mi
Do phearsa shìnteach, do bhroilleach àrd,
Gu 'n tugainn saogh'l air son cead 'bhi daonnan
'Sa bhroilleach nèamhaidh sin 'gabhail tàmh ;
O d' bheul a's deirge na 'n t-sirist ainmeil,
'S a's misle, 's dearbh leam, na suth nam blàr,
A choisneadh pòige gu 'n rachainn deònach
Gu bàs ;—té chòrr agus bhithinn slàn !

'Se Modh 'us Nàire dà phiuthair Sìne,
Dh' fhàg Tuigse 's Fìrinn mo Sheònaid daor,
Gach nì 'bha Sgiamhachd 'na h-urradh 'dhianamh
Fhuair Mair'rad chiatach gu saoibhir, saor;
Tha gach aon té dhiubh a' tarruing gaoil uam,
Ach o'n nach fhaod mi bhi 'n dùil ri trì,
Biodh cuid mo chroinn leam—So—buail—Droch ceann bhuait!
A Shìne bhandaidh! an tusa ì?

FOCAL NO DHÀ RIS AN UAIGH.

O Uaigh! ged is mìn, modhail, sìobhalt' do ghruaidh,
Ged robh blàithean mar leugaibh air d' àrd-bhròilleach uain',
'Sann an coslas a mhàin tha do chaomhachd 's do dhreach;
Mar dhroch bhean, 'se d' aon bhuidh 'bhi breagh bho 'n leth mach.

A spùinneadair shanntaich! 'bheil 'shaod ort a chaoidh
Toirt thairis de 'n fhéisd so—de d' reubainn bhi sgìth,
Gus an cuir thu glan-chrìoch air gach aon de shliochd Adhàimh?
Gus an sluig thu mu dheireadh do charaid am Bàs?

Nach 'eil anns na fhuair thu a cheana gu leòir?
Bu mhoch a chaidh Abel a lìonadh do bheòil;
Ged sheachainn thu Enoch, air Adhamh thug thu buaidh,
S cha bu mhisde do bholg mar chuir Nimrod an ruaig.

'Bheil braon anns a mhòr-chuan, 'bheil feòirnean air sliabh
Mu choinneamh a h-aon anns a' mhuillion neach riamh
A chaidil, 's a sheac, ann ad ghlacaibh gun truas,
'S nach dùisg gus am feum tha do reubainn thoirt suas?

Do 'n òg mar do 'n aosda, do 'n fhaoin mar do 'n ghlic,
Do 'n lag mar do 'n làidir tha d' fhàilte-sa 's d' iochd;
'S co-ionnan do thròcair do 'n bhoidheach 's do 'n ria'ch,
'S tha 'm baigeir 'san rìgh leat ion-spéiseil mar bhiadh.

O ionad an-aoibhinn! O oidhche gun là!
'S tric dh' fhàg thu am maothran a' caoineadh a mhàth'r;
'S a ghlais thu bho 'n òigear na b' fheàrr leis 's an t-saogh'l,
A' magadh a thùrsa 's a' spùinneadh a ghaoil!

Ach, 'Uaigh, air a lughad 's tha 'dh-iochd ann ad chliabh,
An deaghaidh gach deòir a chaidh dhòrtadh ort riamh,
Cha n-'eil thu gun iadsan a dh' fhàilticheas tù—
Banacharaid an truaghain, léigh truacant' a' chiùirt'

A bhantrach bhreòit', bhochd ud, fad' sgairte bho céile,
S i 'faicinn a mic—a h-aon mhac—air an déile,—
Am bàrd, 'n uair tha 'ghaol a's an saogh'l air fàs fuar ris,
'S an t-aosda fann, sgìth—leòsan 's prìseil do shuain-sa.

A's ainnir chiùin, rìomhach nam mìog-shuilean tlàth,
Le cleasachd a' mhealltair fo an-tlachd luchd-dàimh,
'S an osnaidh ag éiridh, 's an deur air a sùil,
Deir ise "'San uaigh cha bhi tuaileas na tnùth!

An Creidmheach e-féin, an déigh 'n réis chur gu goirt,
Fann, acrasach, pàiteach—aig càch na bhall-*spoirt*,
“O thig, a Bhàis!” deir e “do bheatha, O Uaigh!
Fo bhratach m' Fhir-shaoraidh gheibh mì tuille 's buaidh!”

ÒRAN.

AIR FONN,—“Màiri bhàn òg,”

NAM bithinn 'am bhàrd, 's a' chlàr 'na h-uidheam
Co 'n òigh bu roghainn do m' dhàn?
Co eil' ach mo Mhòrag,—ròs nan nighean—
Reul m' aoraidh—iodhal mo ghràidh;
Mar shoillse na gréin' do'n t-saogh'l 'san Earrach,
Tha 'h-aoidh 'thoirt beatha do m' chàil,
'S mar bitheadh a truas cho buan ri m' ghalar
'San uaigh bha mise 'n diugh 'cnàmh.

A bhurraidhnean faoin 'tha 'sìor-dhol thairis
Do rìgheachdaibh iomallach, cian,
A 'caitheamh bhur stòir air tòir gach faileis,
'S ag ràdh riu nitheana briagh,
O thigibh do'n tìr so 's chi sibh sealladh
A 's fiù na chunnaic sibh riamh,—
Gach mais' agus gràdh riamh 'dh' fhàs air thalamh
'N gnùis nàraich, bhanail mo chiall-s'!

Mar shneachd 'ga chur, tlàth, air bàrr na coille,
Tha blàth caol-mhuinneal mo luaidh;
Mar neòineanan sléibh 'nan dà char soilleur,
Tha deud beul beag nam binn-dhuan;
Mar dheàrsadh na gréin' air sèamh-uchd linne,
Tha réidh-chlàr-aghaidh geal m' uain;
'S tu grian nam ban ùr, reul-iùil gach coinneimh,
Miann-sùl 'us gonadh an t-sluaigh.

Tha briathran do bheòil mar cheòl 's a' bharrach
'An tòs an Earraich,—tha dreach
D' fhuilt bhuidhe mar neul air gnùis na gealaich,
'S do phòg mar thorradh nam beach;
Gur gile d' uchd tlàth na càir na steallair,
No 'n tonn ri carraig a' gleachd;
Bho sin thu gu d' shàil—dean tàmh, mo chridhe!
Mar aon bheò-chuithe de shneachd.

Bu mhath, 's e 'ga còir, fein-àicheadh aingil
Nach teumadh bilean mo luaidh
A shireadh a pòig,—bu leòir a h-anail
'Thoirt slàint' aig dorus na h-uaigh;
Air gruaidhean mo ghaoil co 'n t-aon a sheallas,
Nach leum a chridhe r' an snuadh?
'S iad mar a fuil féin air sgé na h-eala,
No caorann-meala Loch-lùain!

Ge maiseach 'ur fàs air sàil na gaillinn,
A bhlàithean beaga nam bruach,
'An sealladh an fhlùir 'fhuair m' uidh-s', am fuiling
Bhuir nàir dhuibh amharc a suas?

An lilidh a's àille, 'n làth'ir na cailin
Gu 'm faod toirt thairis d'a h-uaill,
'S 'nuair theannadh i 'n dlùth's ort, 'ùr-rois, mholainn
'S an ùir dhuit cromadh gu luath !

Gach uile taobh 'théid mo ghaol r'a beatha,
Biodh samhradh buidhe le 'cheòl ;
Biodh osagan ciùin a 'giùlan leotha
Fàil' ùbhlan, meal' agus ròs ;
Biodh muillion eun binn a' seinn measg duillich,
Biodh fonn chlàr fhilidh d'a còir ;
Bu mhath an gniomh linn doibh 'sheinn gu buileach
Gach loinn a bhuineas do 'n òigh !

Gu'n d' fhuair thu bho *Phàllas* mèinn a's furras
A's eòlas fada thar càch,
Do mheall-shuilean maoth-ghorm, mìogach, corrach,
Chuir *Iùno* car riut 'an dàimh ;
Thug *Cupid* e-féin, an traodan carach,
Do m' ghaol a bhogha air làimh,—
'S le maise a mhàth'r air chùl sud uile,
Co, 'rùin, nach cuireadh tu 'n sàs ?

Tha cuid rium ag ràdh, o'n tha mi falamh,
Gu'm b'fheàrr dhomh tarruing a thaobh,
'S nach fhaigh mi gu bràch té bhàn nan geal-lamh,
'S luchd-stòir a' sireadh a gaoil ;
Ach geda robh diùchd 'an dùil ri m' *Shali*,
Cha b'fhiù leath' 'ghabhail bho'n chléir
Air eagal mo chlaoidh,—'s theid mi fo thalamh
Mu'n sgìth'ch mi 'thabhairt d'i spéis.

'Nuair thig oirnn a' bhealltuinn bhuidhe
  'Na cleòchda ioma-dhath'ch, tlàth,
'Sa leanas na h-eòin, gach aon a leithid,
  'Toirt gaol a chridhe bhig dhà,
Bi'dh mise 's mo gheall 'an gleann a' bharraich,
  Gu teann a' leanachd an gnàths—
Gu mireagach, ceòlmhor, pògach, lurach,
  'Tigh'n beò gu buileach air gràdh!

ERRATA.

Page 39. 1st stanza, 8th line, for *that*, read *what*.
——— 46. 2nd stanza, 6th line, for *I*, read *I'd*.
——— 75. 3rd stanza, 2nd line, for *shadow*, read *shadows*, for *stream*, read *streams*.
——— 78. 1st line from bottom, for *her—I saw*, read *her I saw—*.
——— 94. 16th line from top, for h- read n-.
——— 99. 6th line from bottom, for *cùla*, read *cùl-thaobh*.
——— — 1st line from bottom, for *i*, read *e*.
——— 100. 5th line from top, for *gràdh*, read *ghràdh*.
——— 107. 2nd stanza from top, 3rd line, for *'so*, read *'sa*.
——— 124. 1st line from bottom, for *do-mhùchaidh*, read *do-mhùchadh*.
——— 125. 2nd line from top, for *ghràigh*, read *ghràidh*.
——— 127. 1st line from bottom, for *dù'-ghaill*, read *dhù'-ghàll*.
——— 130,1. 3rd, 4th, and 6th stanza, for *Mairearad*, read *Mairearaid*.
——— 182. 11th line from top, for *phuthair*, read *phiuthair*.
——— 197. 5th line from top, for *clar-'aghaidh*, read *clar 'aghaidh*.

GLOSSARY.

Ainneart, oppression, tyranny, violence.

Aiteam, a people, a tribe; folk, persons.

Amhsan,—samhsan, a solan-goose, a gaunt,

Arc-luachrach, a lizard or asp.

Athach, bashful, modest, timid; substantively, a giant, a champion; a monster.

Bàrr-thonn, a lofty wave, a crested billow.

Binnealach, melodious, harmonious.

Blàth-fleasg, a garland, or wreath of flowers.

Buachaill'-breige, small heaps of stone or turf, so often seen on the pinnacles of mountains in the Highlands ; a scarecrow.

Buinneag, a twig, germ, sprout; a young maiden.

Cailbh, a partition wall, a wattle, or clay partition.

Cainntearachd, oratory, elocution, rhetoric.

Calman-coille, a ringdove,

Caoidhrean, a wailing, a plaint; a low, murmurring sound.

Ceann-simid, a tadpole.

Clamhan, a kite, a buzzard.

Clàr, a harp; a board, deal or stave, &c.

Clobhadh, a process in the dressing of flax.

Cluain, a meadow, a lawn, a bower; retirement.

Cneapain, beads, pebbles; a string, or cluster of daisies.

Coirioll—goirioll, a carol, a cheerful note; the warbling of birds.

Criathrach, a wilderness, mossy ground, &c.

Crionnachd, prudence, parsimony, economy.

Cuairt Reòidhte, the Frozen zone.

Diota, food, a meal of meat.

Dud, a fat, clumsy, or untidy female.

Eathar, a boat, a vessel.

Faidhrein, a fairing, a fair-day present, or treat.

Gleòisg, a vain, silly female.

Gogan meala, a honey cup, the honey cell of the wild bee.

Gruaigean, a churl, a wrinkled, morose person, a miser.

Lapach, faltering, stammering; feeble, &c.
Liath-truisg, the bird fieldfare.
Liùgair, a sneaking, abject, helpless fellow.
Luirist, a slovenly, untidy person.
Meud-mhór, ambition, haughtiness, pride.
Mi-mhachadh, disrespecting, maltreating.
Muileag, a frog,
Mullag, a heifer, steer, or bullock fattened for slaughter.
Na Deireasaich, the Invalids, the Incapables.
Oigh-fhairge, a sea nymph, a mermaid.
Ròrum, pith, vigour, mettle.
Ròspadh, tearing, despoiling.
Ruairidh, Reynard, the fox.
Samhuil, a likeness, an image or copy; a specimen.
Sòghar, luxurious, sumptuous; juicy, sappy.
Sòradh, hesitating, grudging, shunning; hesitation, delay.
Stuadh, a hill, the pinnacle of a mountain; a wave, &c.
Tonn-coire, a whirlpool-surge or wave.

Since the foregoing sheets have gone through the press, it has been suggested by a musical friend that, to the songs aftermentioned, the annexed Airs would be found perhaps fully as suitable as those to which they have been already "married." As we have no doubt that, to a majority of our countrymen, our friend's selection may be at least more familiar, we give the reader an opportunity of choosing for himself.

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